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## MRS. HETTY'S HUSBAND.

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OBODY, to look at that peaceful valley where the smoke rose and curled quietly from the fire-sides of the comfortable homesteads surrounding the two church spires, and where perpetual calm seemed to brood; nobody, looking down on these tranquil fields and woods, from the heights of Old Morning, would dream that such a man as Bel Symmes could have had beginning, or ending, or encouragement for enduring there. Any one, indeed, given to speculation upon ultimate causes, might have wondered by what curious alchemy his atoms came together in such a place. Had it been over in Millville now, on the dark side of Old Morning—

The fact is, however, that he had been born elsewhere, although he had drifted here so long ago that he seemed a part of the place. How and whence he had his name, none knew, not even himself. If he ever had any individual people, they early left him to the mercy of the world that has no mercy.

Whether that name stood for any such aristocratic prenomens as Beltran, or Belasys, poor Bel, or as, from the tenor of his life, seemed more probable, from a certain kinship with Belial, or Beelzebub, with reminiscence of Bel and the Dragon; or, as might be guessed from his manner of possessing the land wherever he was, from the old Persian, signifying Lord, there was no one to say; no one, in fact, knew much about him.

Apparently, he had always been about thirty-five years old, long, lean, fair, good-humored, shiftless, worthless, beloved here, despised there, and living always, without work, on the slender provision of his wits.

You can imagine, then, what was the amazement of the whole village of Valley Ford when, one day, it was announced that Bel Symmes had married Miss Hetty Duneagle, of the Duneagle Farms, the old squire's only surviving daughter and heir, a more than middle-aged lady, of no other charms than those belonging to a notable housekeeper, a valuable church member, and one in receipt of great respect from the neighbors.

What Miss Hetty saw in the scapegrace was not, after all, so difficult for those to imagine who knew of his good nature and usual gentleness, and could understand how he had fiddled, and sung, and jested his way into the old spinster's heart, that ached in its loneliness, after her brother-in-law took away with him the two little maids on whom her affections had centered since their birth, the brother-in-law who had quarreled so bitterly with the old squire that the latter had left all his possessions to Miss Hetty. But what odds did that make? Everything Miss Hetty had would belong to her little darlings one day.

Nevertheless, those who knew of Bel's taking arts could not quite understand what Miss Hetty had done with the Duneagle pride, when she put in her father's place, and took home to the great square house and pew, this fellow, who, if neither a tramp nor

a vagrant, was yet not exactly anything else. But there he was, at the head of the table, in the big arm-chair of the fireside corner ; at least, when he was there.

Perhaps one of the very things that kept him dear to Mrs. Hetty's heart was that he was not always there ; that, in truth, he did not give her enough of his society to let it weary her ; that often, after a long half-day's absence and a late return at night, he lay in bed till noon of the next day ; that, somehow, the two or three hours that he did allow her as he tuned and scraped his little old violin, and sang his melting songs, and made his merry quips, were just enough to let her wish for more.

Love had passed her by in her youth ; her hungry heart had been sore when other women had been glad. Now to believe that this smiling youth found in her what lovers found in other women ; that he turned to her for his happiness ; that he chose her among all women—if there was poison in the sweet self-deception, she sucked its honey without knowing it.

All the monotonous humdrum hours were transformed for her. She thought, for just a space, that she was young and fair ; that this heart was really hers. There seemed to be nothing but joy in the world. The sun smote the bare slopes on the top of Old Morning ; the sky shone blue in the river at its foot, as if the world were just made. How rich with breath blowing out of heaven was every wind that sighed ! What romance and vague delight in the sound of the evening bells coming up the valley ! Flattered to tears, she laid her own heart at this lover's feet, for him to tread on if he would, and the gay conqueror trampled it into dust.

It was a good while before Mrs. Hetty found out how Bel spent the greater part of the time that he was away from her, absorbed in various games of hazard with dice and cards, often enlivened by song and other festive exercises over the flowing bowl. She thought he was off swapping horses and making his profit by the trade, expostulating with the assessors for her in relation to taxes, looking out an investment for some of her accumulated funds (fortunate woman that she was to have some one to so protect her !), watching some experimental ditching on distant farms for their joint benefit, or talking politics at the lawyer's office ; the

last, not at all an unpleasant fancy to her, for she had a dim idea that Bel, with his glibness, his wit, his talents, and her money, might make a figure in the legislature yet.

Bel had no idea of anything of the sort. Nothing so laborious and respectable as that was desired by him. He laughed to scorn those that had once laughed him to scorn. He did no work, and he drove about the highways and byways with a high-stepping mare that had not her match in the county. He was bound simply to enjoy himself, and to enjoy himself in his own way.

But Mrs. Hetty was by no means a fool. It did not take more than three or four years, with their slow degrees, to undeceive her, to startle, to stun her, to break her heart, and to make it whole again—whole, but a hard, dry, and very different organ from that which used to palpitate so at sight of the face and sound of the voice of her scapegrace.

When he had no account to give of various sums of money entrusted to him by her, she forgave it. When he asked once, on some remonstrance, if, at her age, she expected to keep a young fellow all the time by her side, she forgave it. When he brought home a boisterous companion, and proceeded to make a night of it in the big kitchen, brewing various delicious concoctions with rum and pineapple preserves from the pantry, and did not go to bed till morning, and then, with his hat and his great coat on, she forgave that. She even forgave his taking off of the pastor (had she not even laughed with him ?), and his comparing the choir to a parcel of old cats on the back yard fence.

But when her two young nieces came to her on a visit, and he, one day, tired of the obligation of being decent in their presence, remarked that either they must go or he should, she found it hard to forgive that ; and when, on another occasion, having more than one noisy companion with him, she overheard him calling her the Old Girl, uttering various uncomplimentary references to her person, and rehearsing, with shouts of laughter, some episode of their courtship that had been sacred to her—well, even that she could have forgiven ; but the rest—the rest that she heard on that fatal day :

"Hang it all ! Do you suppose I'd have made a laughing-stock of myself by marry-

ing her, if she hadn't had the money? Let those laugh that win. And do you suppose I'm going to be cheated now? No, sir; I'm going to have my dividends now, and my principal, when the Old Girl's under ground!"

And that she could not forgive.

At first anger; then grief and tears; then longing and heart-breaking; then perception of the hopelessness of it all; then anger again, bitter, withering, flaming anger; but this time with herself, anger in which the love burned to ashes, and then desolation. And after that Mrs. Hetty sent for her nieces, who were orphans now, to come and live with her.

Of course, Bel remonstrated, but to no purpose, as Mrs. Hetty condescended no other reply than a cold stare.

"By King! I'll make it hot for them!" said Bel.

They were pretty children, some fifteen or sixteen years old now, brown eyed and rosy-cheeked, and innocent as babies; but all the fibers of her old sad heart twined about them. Mrs. Hetty put a thousand dollars in the Valley Ford Savings Bank for each of them, the week after they came.

Of course, it was no great while before this circumstance reached Bel's ears.

"They're long enough," said Mrs. Hetty curtly, when he told her.

"Well, I say," said Bel, "you've no right to be giving away at this rate. What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own; and you can't be doing it without my consent."

"Can't I?" said Mrs. Hetty grimly, making no more dispute, the fact that she had done so being enough for her.

"And what's more," said Bel, with all a husband's authority, "you shan't!"

"Shan't I?" said Mrs. Hetty.

"Well, now," said Bel, with rising fury, "if you don't take care, I'll have you put under guardianship!"

"Look here, Bel Symmes," said Mrs. Hetty, "you mind your own fiddling and your horse trotting, or I'll have you sent to the state almshouse."

"You can't," said Bel; "I'm a landed proprietor. I've got a lien on your estate as long as you live, and a good share of it afterwards, and you can't help yourself. I'm your husband, and the head of this

house, and the law gives me your obedience; and, by George! I'm going to exact it. You bet your sweet life I am! And as for these little wenches of yours, they'll be glad enough to go back where they came from before long or my name's not Squire Symmes."

Mrs. Hetty looked at him a moment, and then she burst out laughing.

"Squire Symmes!" said she. "Squire Symmes! that's good. You that haven't any name you're certain of!"

She gathered up her balls and her knitting and left him to the enjoyment of the fire-side. From that time, it was open war between them.

Mrs. Hetty took her knitting up stairs, where the children sat.

As she looked at them, a sort of joy welled up in her heart, that almost banished the pain there. The two fair heads bent together over their book seemed to her the loveliest sight on earth. She felt a yearning tenderness towards them that filled her eyes with tears. They represented to her everything that now she held dear, her father, her mother, her dead sister, her old name; they were her visible bond with the past, her only link with the future. No speech could tell how precious they had become to her, how lovely they seemed to her, with what pride they filled her, nor how determined she was that they should have everything she had lacked, learning, accomplishments, loving husbands in their youth, and all her money at last.

Now that she had come fully to understand the obliquity of Bel's character, it irked her that they must have any of his society. She feared injury to them from contact with him; and the people whom he had been wont to bring to the house, and whose bad presence she had not minded for herself so much, became insufferable now, that these two innocent darlings were under her roof.

The next time that a parcel of Bel's companions made the old kitchen reek with their pipes and ring with their songs, Mrs. Hetty walked deliberately in, let down the grate of her Empress range, and dumped the fire; and, going over to the table, where they sat about their ale-pots and their dirty cards, deliberately lifted the kerosene lamp, blew it out and walked off with it. She locked the

kitchen door behind her, too ; and Mr. Bel might sleep on the floor, or the settle, or out in the hay on the mow with the cats, if he wished. The rest of the house was inaccessible, and Mrs. Hetty was perfectly impenetrable to any storming the next morning.

But there was no storming in the morning. On the contrary, there was a bright fire when she appeared, a foaming milk pail, and a smiling face.

"Now, the next time, Hetty, my darling," said Bel, "you play me such a joke, I wish you wouldn't go to bed and forget all about it. A hay mow may be warm, and it may be soft, but it isn't always agreeable to a gentleman's feelings."

"Gentleman!" said Mrs. Hetty. "For one that has slept as often as you have on the warm side of a fence, I guess the hay mow'll do. It'll have to, anyway."

"Come, come, gently now, as the man said to the car of Juggernaut. What's this you're giving me?"

"I mean it's all the bed you'll have in this place."

"The hay mow? Oh, that's too steep, so steep I'd fall off, I reckon. Don't you know I'm your husband?" said Bel, with a grin, "and have a right—"

"You have a right!" said Mrs. Hetty, with ineffable scorn. "To what? You haven't even a right to the poorhouse, for you never so much as paid a poll tax in the town!"

"Very well, Mrs. Symmes; if you want the disgrace of a suit at law in the family, I can accommodate you any day, and you can be taught what's yours and what's mine, on short notice."

As Mrs. Hetty wanted nothing of the sort, and, indeed, lived in perpetual terror of the discovery by her small public of the mistake she had made in marrying, and of the chorus of "I told you so's" she then should hear; and, as she feared, too, the sinking of money in the quicksands of lawyer's fees, Mr. Bel slept in his usual bed that night.

But, although she could not hinder Bel's companions from coming to the house as they pleased, yet not another dollar, yearn he never so much for a drink, or for a card, did Bel put into his pocket from Mrs. Hetty's savings or receipts.

As he thought over the situation, he could not but feel that the two girls were the authors of all his woes, and he could deter-

mine on but one course of action, and that was to make the house such that Mrs. Hetty could not keep those two girls in it; and he spent that day, and many another day, at home in the furtherance of his design.

What talk was that with which the table was now regaled; what jests which there was really no understanding, but no misunderstanding, either; what stories of a life that before the spotless experience of these young girls seemed like some dark, underground life among vile things; what oaths, what slang, what ribaldry, what slander of all that was reputable; what hints and inuendoes, what open accusations of evil, what low light thrown upon all sacred things, what low level of thought and manners; and what low wretches, each one now, it seemed, a shade more ignoble than the last, had the run of the house! It made Mrs. Hetty shudder with swift apprehension.

When, one day, she heard a sentence, just a casual phrase, of the prevailing rough expressions, fall from her sweet young Imogene's lips, a terrible apparition rose before the gaunt old woman's eyes of her girls transformed into the mates of just such men, the evil thought following the evil word, the evil act completing all—degradation, sin, monstrousness, her darlings, her own sister's children, her father's treasures, the only representatives in the next generation of old Squire Duneagle.

She would wake in the middle of the night, crying and wringing her hands. Some nights she could not sleep at all, for fearing and conjuring dark possibilities, till she saw the sun slant up and gild the top of Old Morning. The apprehension began to be something like a mania to the poor soul, an ever present horror.

When she looked down the valley, with the noon sun brooding over the dim distances below, when she searched the heavens and all the throbbing mystery of stars at midnight, when vapors were looming up like ghosts across the purple of twilight, there was no hour at which this apprehension did not make its horrid clutch at her heart-strings; and, with it all, she felt still further depths to her degradation as Bel's wife.

One day, at length, she said, with her usual directness, as he sat rosining his bow by the fire :

"Bel, you're not making much by this sort of life. What will you take to leave?"

"Take to leave?" repeated Bel, pausing, and with wondering eyes. "Why should I leave? I never was more comfortable in my life. And why should I take anything, when it all belongs to me anyway, or will soon?" And he screwed up the string he had let down in his surprise.

"No, it will not—soon or ever. The Dungeagle property is not going to be wasted in guzzling or dicing, or spent with vile creatures. My father's grandchildren will inherit my father's property. I shall see to that in my will."

"Now, look here, Old Girl," said the irreverent Bel, holding his violin to his ear, to catch the tone between his sentences; "your father's property is something that doesn't exist."

"My father's property!"

"That's something they'd call a fiction in law. It's your property; and, being yours, it's your husband's property; and can't help it, will or no will!" said he, touching the strings lightly.

"Do you mean to say, Bel, that you are going to hang round here in this miserable way, waiting on the chances of my death?" she asked, giving him a piercing glance over her spectacles.

"Don't look at me that way with your blood-shot glances! Bel is going to hang round here," said the fellow, ceasing his tune for a few breaths, while he picked the strings indifferently, "unless you should make it very well worth his while, indeed, to go away; more worth his while than it is now to stay. Handsome clothes, fine horses, good quarterly income, pew at church—"

Mrs. Hetty, looking far away into the distance, while the sun reflected on her spectacles a ray of light from the brook far up the side of Old Morning, did not heed the plesantry about the pew.

"I might arrange that you should have a sufficient income during your life," she said, "if you would go into another part of the state."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all," he answered. "Take more than that to move Bel. Don't think I've looked at it much in this light; but Bel doesn't budge without a good income, a reversion of the property when you're done with it, a will in his favor."

"I am less likely to die than you are, Bel," she said, laying down her knitting; "I am hale and hearty, rugged and of a long-lived race."

"That's so," said Bel ruefully, scratching his head with the end of his bow.

"That's so," she echoed. "And I'm so sure of it, and think so poorly of your chances, with the dissolute life you've led, that—"

"And you can speculate in that way on the chances of your husband's death!" cried the injured Bel. "Pretty Christian you! Nice wife! Good woman!"

"That I'm willing," she continued, disregarding his satire, "to give you something handsome in my will, for the looks of it; that is to say, to enjoy while you live."

"And the will a dead letter, as I'm not to live, and so never to touch a penny of it! Pshaw! Lollipop's for babies!"

And he tucked his fiddle under his chin and played a measure *con spirito*.

"Come," he said, when he had finished his air, and laying down the instrument, "I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll go down to Lawyer Keene's together, and you make your will in my favor, and I'll make my will in yours."

"You—make—your—will! For pity sake, Bel Symmes, what will have you to make? What on earth have you to will?"

"Well, Lawyer Keene'll tell you about that. I'll do better than I said. I'll make my will in favor of those little wenches of yours, if that'll suit you. Me first; but it's no more than fair that they should come after me—"

"I'll put on my things and go right down to Lawyer Keene's this minute!" cried Mrs. Hetty, with eyes flashing enough to melt her glasses, shame and fear of humiliation going to the winds in her desperation. "I'll see about this now!"

"Do," said Bel; "and I'll go with you. The mare'll be harnessed in a jiffy."

Before the hot tears were dry on her cheeks, she was in the wagon and spinning down the road beside Bel in a way that made her hold on to the sides and expect to see the spokes fly out of the wheels.

"Her glasses fell off, and her false hair fell down," said Bel, relating the incident an hour or two afterward over his cups in the inn, "and her false teeth all but fell out. But she never lost heart through it all, and

I made the mare trot along till the ground smoked. Somehow, I sometimes wish the Old Girl was a young girl. If she was a young girl, and a pretty girl, I never saw one I'd put before her. She used to set a sight by me. I don't see what changed her. I'm not changed. I'm the same old Bel."

"I have come, Squire Keene," said Mrs. Hetty, "to make my will. This is my husband."

The lawyer nodded to Bel. He had known him of old.

"I, too," said Bel, laconically.

"To make your will?" said the lawyer politely to Mrs. Hetty. "Pray be seated. Well, it is best to be prepared for any emergency. But the day is far distant, Mrs. Symmes, when that document will be admitted to probate."

"That's as it may be," said the testatrix. "But I'm not going to see my own flesh and blood wronged by that man—"

"Oh, come, I say now, stop that!" said her husband. "That's going too far. I've no disposition to wrong your flesh and blood. It's you that want to wrong me for the sake of your flesh and blood. That's about the size of it, as I look."

"As you look! You never looked straight at anything. Crookedness is your life—"

"Blackguarding," said Bel with coolness, "blackguarding isn't business, Mrs. Symmes; and if we've come here to make our wills—"

"To make our wills! Now, Squire Keene, this—"

"This is the very nut of the matter."

"I want to know if that man, without a penny in the world—"

"Squire Keene, you're acquainted with the law—"

"One at a time, one at a time, if you please," said the bewildered lawyer.

"Then Bel's the one," said that worthy, with an air not to be withheld. "Squire Keene, I want you to tell this lady what a husband's rights are in his wife's property. In making her will, what can she—"

"Alienate from him?"

"Exactly. How much is it the law gives him in case of her death, and that she can't hinder, let her do her—"

"Do you wish me to answer this question, Mrs. Symmes?" asked the lawyer.

"To be sure," said Bel's wife, her set, white face and trembling chin showing that

at last she realized some force in Bel's claim.

"Then, I am sorry to say, that in this state your husband has a right to one-half the personal property and to two-thirds of the realty."

"And if I don't give him that?" she asked under her breath, unable to control her voice.

"Then he can break the will and take it."

"Is that so?" she asked slowly, with great awe in her tone.

"Positively."

A great wail went up in that dusty, dingy little office, a wail that opened the narrow walls into infinite space, as suffering makes all places sacramental.

"And I have ruined my little dears," cried Mrs. Hetty, "for that man. Oh, why was I spared to do it? Why didn't somebody hinder? Why didn't I listen? Everybody said, oh! everybody said!— And I have beggared them for this fiddling, dicing, drunken fool! And he is left to cumber the ground! My children! oh, my children!'"

Bel was looking a little scared, and the lawyer himself had turned pale before the distress of that piercing cry.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Keene, some arrangement, some accommodation—"

"None whatever," said Bel, mounting to the occasion. "She knows that I shouldn't have married her, if she hadn't her money; and she's not going to jockey me out of the price now. I never expected she'd be alive to-day; and I'm the wronged party in so much. But I've no objection to her living, provided she's reasonable. I'm the head of the house and I'm going to be master of the house. Now, what is there to say to that?" he asked, as he gave the lawyer a sharp glance.

Mrs. Hetty turned her hot and aching eyes on the lawyer, too.

"I'm afraid the law is on his side, Mrs. Symmes," said the lawyer, "although neither God nor humanity is."

"Half the personal and two-thirds of the realty," chuckled Bel.

"But I can sell the realty—"

"No, you can't," said Bel, "not a bit of it, without my consent. I looked all that up, you'd better believe."

"I am taken in my own toils!" cried the unhappy wife. "That was why he was

always advising me to put my money, as it came in, into that piece of land and the other, to buy the Wilson farm and the Peaslee meadow, and the Lawrence woodland!"

"Just why," said the scamp. "Somebody had to look out for Bel's interests, I'd just as lief tell you. That's why I urged you to sell the colts and the yearlings, and put the money into lands and buildings, and change the railroad stock for city lots. Two-thirds of the realty! Bel isn't quite the fool you've thought he was."

And then he began to whistle softly between his teeth, while his wife stared at her black gloves, the ends of which stood out in little stiff points from all the ten nervous, restless finger tips.

"You can't expect to come home with me, Bel, after this," she said presently.

"Why not?"

"Because I won't have you!" suddenly flared up the poor soul. "Because I'll burn the house down over your head sooner than have you in it another night! And I mean what I say, Bel."

"Look here, now, that's bad talk; and before a witness, too. You never heard me say anything half so bad as that. If Bel wasn't a good-natured fellow—"

"He's too worthless to live!" cried the wife, turning to the lawyer, who sat aghast before his clients. "I oughtn't to let him live. If he goes on this way, I sha'n't be responsible for myself. I don't know how soon I may begin to feel as if 'twas no more harm than it is to step on a spider, or any other vermin—"

"And you a church member!" said Bel, with slow and vast reproach.

But his face had grown very white. This was the second time within fifteen minutes that she had made him feel his life in jeopardy.

"This is getting dangerous," said Bel to himself.

He stood up, shaking and stretching his legs, and looked through the window as well as he could, for its grime and cobwebs.

"Come," said he, "I never knew the thing had gone so far with you. If you hate the man you swore to love, honor, and obey—"

"Honor and obey you!" said Mrs. Hetty.

"Why, I don't know but I'll clear out of the way, after all, and leave you quit of me,

if you do the handsome thing. Settle on me all the Valley Ford farms, say, except the Duneagle, and the upper county wood-lots (the railroad's going to do something there), and the stores over in Millville, and execute a writing to pay me quarterly the income of the government bonds—"

"I sha'n't settle on you one cent more than the law compels; but I'll agree to let you have such an allowance as Lawyer Keene thinks proper, on your written promise to go away from Duneagle Farms, and to stay away forever."

"Forever?" said Bel, looking at her with a smile, a smile that had done damage in its day.

Mrs. Hetty looked steadily at her gloves.

"Forever!" said she.

"Well, for a heartless woman—Agreed!" he cried, suddenly. "I'll not be the first to wish I hadn't!"

And so Mrs. Hetty's will was drawn up legally and in due form; and, that done, Bel executed a similar document, giving and bequeathing all and everything of which he died possessed to his beloved wife; and, in the event of her decease previous to his own, then to her beloved nieces, Imogene and Juliet. The paper relating to the income having been completed, and his own promise to withdraw having been signed, sealed, and delivered, Bel said:

"Well, I suppose we may consider this, to all intents and purposes, the same as divorce papers."

Then Mrs. Hetty drew out her wallet and asked Mr. Keene what sum she should pay him for these various services.

"About twenty-five dollars," said the lawyer.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Hetty. "For an hour's work! Twenty-five dollars! Why, at that rate, you'd make your fortune out of our quarrels. I don't know about this, Bel," she said, appealing to her husband, as she had not often done before the divorce took place, "is this a fair charge?"

"About the right chalk, I guess," said Bel. "You see, you're a pretty tough customer—"

But Mrs. Hetty had laid down two gold eagles and a half eagle, with an apologetic gesture. "A woman deceived by one man," she said, "suspects all other men."

She then stalked out of the room with her

documents. There was some shopping in the village, in which, for a brief space, she might forget her troubles.

An hour afterward, the gaunt figure was sitting in Mr. Keene's office once more.

"I wanted to have a talk with you alone," said she; "now he isn't here. Is it possible for me to make another will and leave him out?"

"It is possible," said Mr. Keene, "but useless. The law, I have told you, gives him all that, anyway."

Just at that moment the door creaked, and Bel's long figure and smiling face obtruded itself in the opening.

"Thought I should find you here," said he. "How are you going to get home? Mare's mine, you know, and she's a clipper, too."

"I shall go in the stage," said Mrs. Hetty majestically.

"All right. Want to do the polite thing, Bel does. Going to celebrate freedom day at the tavern with some friends. Round for my things to-morrow. Love to the girls, if I don't see them again."

He never did see them again. The mare that was a clipper, finding herself, towards the small hours of the morning, in very unsteady hands, took the bit between her teeth, "Just like the jade at home," said Bel, with a drunken laugh, trying to regain the mastery; and, before she yielded, her owner lay below the steep cut of the precipitous road across Old Morning, where he had been thrown, and had died without a gasp.

Mrs. Hetty came out of her pantry, where, on the well-filled shelves rows of glass jars sparkled, these ruby red with lucent plum jelly, those golden with orange marmalade, where her cherry bounce made deeper color yet with the sunbeam that fell through it, where her herbs for diet drinks hung in neat, fragrant bunches, where everything was fair and orderly, and no more to be disturbed by Bel's nefarious fingers. Mrs. Hetty came out of her pantry into the great kitchen that had been swept and garnished, and where the young girls were sitting with their dear heads close together, over the mat that they were braiding.

"To think," said Mrs. Hetty, "that we shall never be pestered by that roystering, disorderly—"

Just then the heavy, stumbling steps were

heard bringing in all there was left of one of the roystering, disorderly crew, of the winning, graceless, scampish Bel.

Poor Mrs. Hetty! You have seen a child's house of cards blown on and toppled over by a rude breath. So this cold, rude breath, that came in the open door with the men bearing that burden, shattered all her trivial joys of neatness, and order, and quiet. The living Bel was of the earth; but, in a moment, the dead Bel had become transfigured and was of the stars. She threw herself beside him with a loud, quick cry. He was again her ardent lover; she his willing bride. In losing him, she had lost, too, for a time, all that made life worth living.

"Oh, he sacrificed himself to me!" she cried. "He tried to be faithful. I drove him away. He couldn't change his nature, his gay, bright, beautiful nature. Oh, how can I live without him!"

The girls went about on tiptoes. Hush reigned, but for one mourner's sobs. No widow ever wept in deeper crapes; and if, on Sunday, the pastor could find no text to preach from exactly applicable to Bel, and had to content himself with "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," Mrs. Hetty did not realize it in the eloquence of her own memories.

"His last thoughts were for us; his last words were, 'Love to the girls,'" she said, as she stroked down her bombazines, after the long veil was folded and laid aside at home; "and he had just made his will in my favor. Oh, the house here is a desert without him—a tomb! I broke his heart, I know I did, his great, generous heart, for the sake of my girls!"

Calling to her side the wondering children, who had never thought to see this ado for Bel, she stroked their soft hair as long as she could see it through her tears, and resolved that they should never know what her love for them had cost her.

But human nature is a strange, inconsistent thing; and I have never quite explained to myself why Mrs. Hetty, with her cultivation of the memory of her husband only in the light of his perfections, found it necessary, for his sake, to violate a portion of her religious dogmas and beliefs, and every night, when she said her prayers, to add to them the intenest prayer of all, a prayer for the soul of Bel.

## A WORD ABOUT SILVER.

BY EDWARD G. BOURNE.

NO other question now under public discussion so vitally concerns the prosperity of our people, rich and poor alike, as the silver question; yet, in spite of the importance of the issue, the popular mind is not awakened; and, though no question could require more sober and careful consideration, none is debated more unwisely and passionately. Indeed, many of the congressional speeches reveal a lack of understanding, and display an amount of buncombe that are positively startling.

The truth is, the inborn desire of man to make money without earning it; in other words, to be able to command the services of his fellows without having rendered them an equivalent, has made him in all ages singularly prone to be deceived by a great variety of fallacies when dealing with the theory of money. Other doctrines of science are established, once for all; their history is one of continual progress. The true doctrine of money, on the other hand, has to be set forth and defended in every generation, if not in every decade; and, though fairly apprehended by the ancients, it eludes the grasp of many of our legislators, and is perfectly incomprehensible to the owners of silver mines.

In view, then, of the pitfalls that beset every discussion of money, it will be no waste of space to give a few definitions and principles, armed with which the reader may test for himself the soundness of what is asserted by both sides in this controversy.

The inconvenience of barter forced men at an early stage in the growth of civilization to agree upon some medium of exchange and measure of value. They generally chose some metal of recognized utility. This step marked one of the greatest advances in the history of the race. The objects thus chosen to serve as measures of value in a simple exchange were found exceedingly useful as standards of value, in arranging future transactions, and as a store of value, or a condensed and portable form, to which property might be reduced for convenience in moving or concealment.

These are the services that money performs, and any proposed kind of money should be examined to see how well it meets these wants.

From the uses of money to the qualities it should possess is a natural step, and probably the reader fully realizes how important it is that money should have a *steady* and *known* value. A moment's unprejudiced reflection will reveal the absurdity of a *variable* measure and standard of value, maintaining the appearance of identity by preserving its name without change. It is equally evident how much the usefulness of such a measure of value is impaired, when to uncertainty of value over a long period is added uncertainty of value at any given time. Nothing so paralyzes business, or deadens one's enterprise, as this feeling of uncertainty about the value of money. A fever of speculation sometimes arises under such circumstances, but it is an unnatural kind of vigor, almost always followed by prostration.

A consideration of the qualities of money and of the causes that led to its invention plainly shows that the choice of a substance to be set apart for use as money, is merely the choice of a tool of business. It is a practical question, to be solved by an appeal to reason and experience, and, in discussing it, the exhibition of party passion, with its pathetic tale about the "poor man's dollar," and its denunciation of "gold bugs," only too surely reveals the presence of ulterior motives of personal interest.

Just as much out of place are the personifications of silver as a beneficent agency, which some depraved men propose to "strike down," after long and faithful service, during which it paid the "young republic's debts," and, as one congressman said, had been used by "our Lord in rendering tribute unto Cæsar." One might as well plead for a return to stage coaches, because the fathers of the Young Republic rode in them, or for the adoption of the rude Syrian plow, because our Lord probably made one.

Reason and experience, our guides in this matter, have led, in most cases among civil-

ized nations, to the use of gold and silver as money; but too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the choice is governed by the needs of the country, and not by any appeal to antiquity or the divine order of the world. Such appeals might have been made by the Spartans for their iron money, or by the early Romans for theirs of copper, when a silver money was proposed.

All arguments of this kind overlook a notable peculiarity of money: that a metal may possess all the requisites of good money at one stage of a nation's progress, and be much inferior to a more precious metal when a higher condition of development has been reached. Copper makes the best money in a country where commodities and labor are very cheap, and where the greatest part of the business is done on a small scale.

Suppose, then, that by the progress of civilization and the multiplication of wealth, the average transaction involves a sum twenty times as large as in the first case, copper is no longer convenient for the standard medium of exchange, and silver better serves the purpose.

Another similar advance is made, silver becomes too bulky, and gold is employed as the standard, not because of a divine or ancestral sanction, or from patriotic reasons, but simply for convenience.

In each of these cases, we may suppose a man to be able to receive the equivalent of a month's wages in about the same bulk, capable of being carried in a common leather purse. If he earns five cents a day, his daily needs would not be met by a silver currency. If he earns twenty dollars a day, silver is much too unwieldy for his pay. It must not be concluded, however, that with such advances the money previously used is to disappear upon the adoption of a new standard; on the other hand, it generally stays in circulation and settles just such transactions as it is fitted for.

There are one or two more principles to be stated, and then we shall be ready to consider the problem before us.

It has been found by experience, and it accords with reason, that if no obstructions are placed in the way, the stock of coin money in the world adjusts itself, giving to each nation in proportion to its needs. If there is a sudden expansion of business in one country, causing a demand for more

money, there is a readjustment of the world's stock following a flow of money into that country, just as air flows into a space where it is less dense. If a new supply of money is added to the stock of one, it does not all stay there; but, yielding to this tendency to maintain an equilibrium, it distributes itself over the world. The amount of money that each country receives under this self-acting process is called its "requirement of money."

Another long observed phenomenon in the circulation of money has been generalized under the name of Gresham's law, because first expounded by Sir Thomas Gresham, about three hundred years ago. In brief terms, this principle reads, "bad money drives out good money, but good money cannot drive out bad money." A little reflection will convince one that this is a true natural law; that is, an observed regularity of natural action which may be suspended, it is true, by a greater counter-force, but which can never be legislated or laughed out of existence.

Many congressmen hold up Gresham's law to mockery, because its action is not evident to them; but in such a case, it is well to remember that one of the greatest of the world's mockers never had anything but scorn for the newly discovered law of "attraction." Dean Swift laughed at the new theories of Newton, and now the schoolboy laughs at the dean.

The simple explanation of this law is, that when two kinds of money are in circulation, one more and the other less valuable, every one who has both kinds will pass off the poorer first, and hoard the better as much as he can. Money dealers will buy the better with the worse, and either store it or send it out of the country. If, then, there is a constant supply of the poorer money, the better kind gradually disappears from circulation. If the supply of the poorer money is limited, enough of the better will remain in circulation, together with it, to fill the country's "requirement of money." This is a very important fact, and will explain most cases where Gresham's law seems not to have worked.

Another illustration of these two points is offered by the issue of irredeemable paper currency. It does not necessarily depreciate at first, but will circulate alongside of better

money. An amount equal to the country's "requirement of money" may be issued often-times without a depreciation; but as soon as that limit is overpassed the international readjustment ceases, because foreigners will not take the paper. If the issue is then continued, there is an immediate inflation of prices, which is only a depreciation of money, looked at from the other side. This depreciation will continue as long as the issue increases more rapidly than the "requirement of money" in that country.

We are now ready to consider the silver question in its real character. Our unit coin, or standard measure of value, is the dollar. Common sense, even without an appeal to the principles laid down, would declare that a *standard* should be one thing, not a variable quantity; but the silver dollar of  $41\frac{1}{2}$  grains has gradually fallen in value, till it is worth only four-fifths as much as the gold dollar of 25.8 grains.

Here, then, is a strange condition of things: a long and a short dollar! Which is the dollar? Which is the standard? Is not the case very much the same as if congress had adopted the meter as the standard for long measure, calling it a yard, and at a later day restored the old-fashioned yard to its position as a legal standard? We should then have two yards, one 39.37 inches and the other 36 inches long. This would make confusion enough in business, but it would not be so bad as the two dollars, unless we suppose that the 36-inch yard is gradually shrinking, one year being 35 inches long, another 33, and then again, vacillating like silver,  $33\frac{1}{2}$ , only to fall soon to 32, etc.

This would be too absurd to be defended by the most notional shopkeeper; but, let the standard be one of value and not length, and we have it warmly advocated by a variety of men, only too many of whom want to buy, or help their constituents to buy, at long measure, and sell at short measure, so as to pocket the difference. The cases are closely parallel. With cloth at a dollar a yard, the question in one case is, how much cloth do you get for a dollar; in the other, how much do you pay for a yard of cloth.

The absurdity of the matter is clear enough to any one who grasps the meaning of money. Every consideration of sense and reason would seem to command that either the silver dollar should be made equal

in value to the gold dollar, or else, if that is impracticable, be legal tender for only small sums; and, in any case, the compulsory coinage stopped.

Some say, in effect, make silver the standard. The great argument against that is, that this country, with the more commercial nations of Europe, has outgrown a silver standard and is at that stage where gold best meets its needs. Some congressmen have enumerated the millions of Asia and South America, who use silver, and set them off against the small minority of nations that use gold as the standard; but they could argue the same way and with equal propriety against railroads or banks. The danger of our position is, that business is now carried on upon a gold basis, while a short or less valuable dollar is being coined by law, at the rate of two millions per month.

Now, any one who has grasped the idea of the "requirement of money" which every country has, and which is determined by circumstances, and cannot be settled by legislation, will perceive the folly of forcing off-hand a coinage of \$2,000,000 a month, and perhaps will be susceptible of the impression that the interest of the Western mine owners in the step is not wholly patriotic. Some congressmen, in fact, boldly acknowledge that they are actuated merely by the desire to provide a market for the product of their districts, and maintain that their action is simply an effort to extend the help of the government to an industry that is not, and cannot be, aided by the tariff.

The case is a simple one. Silver is falling; but by getting the government to buy steadily at least twenty million dollar's worth a year, the market is bolstered up somewhat, and the mine owners derive a double advantage from the law. Why, then, do they agitate for free coinage? Because that means that they can take their whole product to the mint to be coined, which is equivalent to having the government buy their whole product.

Is any one surprised, then, at the earnest convictions of the Colorado and Nevada congressmen, several of them mine owners, that free coinage is the open door to prosperity for the country? Furthermore, in view of the fact that silver is now falling in price, does any one suppose this fall would be stopped by just turning the bullion into dollars? It would continue just the same, and

that is why all greenbackers and inflationists are for free coinage.

The advocates of silver wholly misapprehend the question, when they declare that the silver dollar is not inferior because it buys as much as the gold dollar, and Gresham's law is a mistake because, at this juncture, gold is imported into the country. If this forced coinage of two million short dollars per month is kept up, or if the coinage is made free, the silver will push out the gold, to be either hoarded or exported. The silver may not immediately depreciate, but as soon as the country's "requirement of money" is met by the number of eighty-cent dollars in use, or even before that, gold will disappear wholly from circulation at par and be quoted at something like 125. If the forced coinage should continue, the premium would rise. Long standing accounts would be settled for perhaps four-fifths their original value.

This is called legislation for "the people" by certain congressmen, who divide up the country into two classes, debtors and creditors, or the people and the "gold bugs." Is there not a fallacy in such a division, to say nothing of its appeal to questionable motives? Is not every man a creditor, as well as a debtor? On the pay day of a large manufactory, are not the workingmen the creditors? The people at large are the creditors of the United States. More than fifty per cent. of the outstanding bonds are said to be held in savings banks and trust companies as securities for the deposits of laboring men and women.

Any one who has followed the first part of this article must see the folly and absurdity of two separate dollars, and the cheaper coined in regular quantities by law. It is equally clear that safety lies only in the direction of ceasing the forced coinage and of some limitation of the full legal tender of silver; or, if free coinage is to be adopted, of putting silver enough in the dollar to make it equal in value with gold. It is difficult to see what grounds can be urged against these suggestions, which, however, have been made again and again, without avail. In fact, no valid arguments are brought forward, but merely sentimental and dishonest appeals for the "poor man's dollar," and against the "gold bugs."

The truth is, no one wants the best dollar

more, or feels more cruelly the effects of cheap money, than the poor man; and, when depreciated currency is abroad, no one is gladder than he to be a "gold bug," if by that is meant a man who knows a dollar when he sees it, and knows enough to keep it, if he can.

It has been asserted by the silver men that a single standard (who would naturally have thought of anything else?) is impossible, because there is not gold enough to meet the "country's requirement of money," without a disastrous fall in prices. This sounds plausible, but overlooks the fact that no advocate of a single standard proposes to have anything but gold money. On the other hand, it is designed that there shall be all the silver in circulation that is needed; but that eighty cents shall not be a dollar, merely because it is in white instead of yellow metal, and because certain men own silver mines, and that the commercial interests of the country shall not be exposed to the manipulations of a lot of inflationists, who, defeated in their greenback schemes, have fallen upon the device of unlimited coinage of a short dollar as the best substitute at hand.

It is sometimes affirmed that silver has not fallen, but that gold has risen; that we should not speak of an 80-cent silver dollar, but of a 125-cent gold dollar; and that an attempt to make the latter the standard is an unjust and cruel piece of legislation for creditors. This is, perhaps, the most subtle argument advanced in favor of silver. But if the assertion could be proved, it would be no argument for compulsory silver coinage, or for putting the business of the country upon a silver basis, though it might be for reducing the value of the gold dollar. It has not been proved, and till it has been, the unlimited coinage of a short dollar is indefensible.

The arguments commonly urged to support this view are by no means convincing, though at first sight apparently sound. In brief, they are comprehended in the statement that silver has not fallen in price in comparison with other commodities, save gold; but that its apparent fall has merely kept pace with the general fall of prices. Now, since a general fall of prices is only another name for a rise in the value of money, it is concluded that gold has risen and is rising.

In reply, it may be said that a general fall of prices may result from a contraction of credit, and have nothing to do with the price of gold; and, further, that the price of silver in this connection, is compared with the prices of the great staple commodities and the useful metals. Now, it is indisputable that the prices of such commodities have fallen, within a few years, wholly independently of the price of gold. The appliances for producing them have been so multiplied and cheapened, and the cost of transportation so much reduced of late, that there has been a natural and an expected fall in their price.

Again, silver is relatively less used in the arts than it was formerly, on account of the invention and increasing use of electro-plating. This, with the demonetization of silver by Germany, has undoubtedly reduced its price. Nor must we forget the immense increase in the production of silver in this country. All these considerations make this theory of the silver extremely doubtful.

Prof. Simon Newcomb has recently advanced two other arguments against this sup-

posed rise of gold: first, that it costs more, as he learns, to build a house now than it did ten years ago, and that the cost has not recently been diminishing, which would show that the house builder earns as many gold dollars as he ever did; secondly, it appears from Mr. Hadley's "Connecticut Labor Report," that the rate of wages is the same in 1886 as in 1880, which, if correct, would disprove any statement that there has been a general fall of prices.

Such are the chief principles involved and arguments advanced in the discussion of the silver problem. As was said at the beginning of this article, it is certainly the most important public question of to-day. If it is settled wrongly, the country will be plunged again into the evils of an inflated and depreciating currency. If it is settled rightly, business will take a new start, the infusion of confidence in the future in commercial centers will have a favorable influence in the remotest corners of the country, and a great step in relieving trade from a long depression will have been made.

#### HOW A SOLDIER BECAME AN ELECTRICIAN.

THE election of Dr. Werner Siemens to a membership of the order *Pour le Mérite* recalls an interesting incident in his early life. It shows how apparently trifling circumstances change a man's career and lead him on to fortune or to failure. Although Siemens now stands preëminent in his profession, his early years were spent in the army as an artillery officer, and he had no notion of being anything but a military man.

One day, while sitting in a restaurant, he engaged in conversation with a stranger. His knowledge of electricity and telegraphy impressed the stranger, who proved to be Herr Halske, a manufacturer of telegraph wire. Herr Halske felt that he was deficient

in the knowledge essential to the success of his business; and, being shrewd enough to see that Siemens could be of great assistance to him, he made an offer to the young artillery officer that induced the latter to resign his commission and abandon his military career.

The very next day Siemens handed in his resignation and joined his fortunes with those of Herr Halske. Siemens' knowledge of electricity and telegraphy supplemented Halske's great business talents, and in a short time the firm became prosperous. Their wealth is now very great, and the name of Dr. Siemens is known throughout the civilized world.

## GLIMPSES OF MESSINA, TURKEY.

BY L. B. PLATT.

NO matter who we were, or how we came there. But on the evening of the 30th of September, a few years ago, we arrived at the port of Messina, in Cilicia, and glided gently over the bar in the dreamy light of an Asiatic moon. It was the port where we had agreed to meet our friend Lee, a missionary at Morash, and accompany him to his station in the far interior, where American tourist had never gone before. The ship rounded to, dropping anchor into the broad track of glory lying on the smooth waters of the moon-lit bay.

Next morning we had our breakfast at daylight, and, in company with three Frenchmen, started in a small boat for the shore. We reached the landing-place, and now began one of the most desperate scenes that will fall to my lot to chronicle during our whole journey.

The Arab boatmen were extortionate, demanding double the usual fare. We were about to pay it, under protest, when one of the Frenchmen, a Catholic priest, who could speak Arabic, interfered.

"Leave this matter with me, gentlemen; I'll settle it," he said.

The rest of us stood by to see that he had fair play, and the argument proceeded. As nearly as I can recollect, there were fourteen Arabs, half a dozen Turks, ten Armenians, and four dogs on their side; and on ours, a sort of Yorktown reunion of three Frenchmen and two Americans, cemented into alliance and brotherhood by the common peril.

The priest stepped forward like valiant Hector before the walls of Troy. He threw down the money, ringing, on the table of the coffee-house near the boat-landing, where we had prudently retreated, and where the whole town was fast assembling about doors and windows to see the fun.

"Take that or nothing!" said he.

Instantly a ragged champion stood forth from the other side and pushed back the money, with such a volley of oaths and imprecations delivered at short range that for a

moment the priest was staggered, and retreated into the arms of his friends.

But in another moment he began to feel fresh valor coursing through every limb. He seized the opposite champion by the shirt-front (or where it would have been if he had had any), and pushed him back to the door. We thought we could see victory perching on the shaven head of the priest, when suddenly the tide turned once more, and, during a few terrible moments of suspense, the battle hung in the balance—priest driving ragamuffin, and ragamuffin gaining on priest.

I could not see how it could possibly end in anything less than a general and sanguinary engagement, with considerable slaughter on both sides; but I was mistaken. And I learned afterward that this was only the ordinary, every-day manner in which Orientals conduct an argument. I found out that if you want to impress a point of disagreement upon an Arab, you must not only state it as loud as you can yell, but you must accompany it by a push that will send him backward a few feet at the same time, and then follow it up steadily until you are sure that he feels the force of what you are saying. If he does, and gives in, all right. But if not, then it is his turn; he follows *you* up with counter-argument, pushing and shoving until he has either exhausted you or all that he has to say. And when one or both sides are tired out, the argument ends, but not before.

It was during the progress of this little good-natured discussion that, happening to look out of the door, we saw, passing by, the very man we were looking for and had come 8,000 miles to see. We ran out behind him, and, before he could turn about or imagine what had seized him, we had thrown our arms about him, laughing, and held him fast. He had just arrived by carriage from Tarsus, and was going out to the steamer to meet us.

We went up together to the house of the American consul, and were served with the invariable Turkish coffee while waiting

for the carriage to take us to Tarsus. And when that vehicle came, I wish you could have seen it. I wondered that the natives didn't fall down and worship it. And they could not have been accused of idolatry if they had; for it was not the image of anything that ever was seen in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Lee said that it was once a grand affair, and had been the private property of some great Asiatic potentate. But from its woeful state of dilapidation, we should have been ready to believe him if he had told us that it was the identical carriage in which Adam and Eve started off on their wedding trip from the not-far-distant Garden of Eden.

We got in, and off we went across the hot, dusty plain, the carriage swaying and bumping, creaking and groaning, in the last agonies of a threatened and sudden dissolution. And every time it struck a stone, or dropped suddenly into a hole, the dust sifted in through doors, and windows, and roof, and peppered us all over.

We arrived at the first station, and dismounted. It was a place containing a population of one Arab, one donkey, one dog, one house, and a tree. We thought we had become accustomed to strange sights by this time, and were not to be surprised at anything; but when we saw Lee, instead of going toward the house, walk straight for that tree and begin to go up it, we realized that we were mistaken. It was "follow your leader," of course, and so we went up after him.

We sat down in the limbs of the tree, where a temporary flooring of boards and branches had been placed. The Arab tossed up some cushions, and reached up three thimbleful cups of coffee; we took some dried bread out of our pockets, and sat and munched and chattered there in the shady boughs like so many chimpanzees in their native forests.

We arrived at Tarsus about dinner time, and were hospitably entertained at the house of the American consul, and, as the sun was going down, we drove into the city of Adava.

It was a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, and I think they all came out to look at us. It was the nearest thing to a triumphal entry that the world has seen since the days of the

Antonines. Children ran behind the carriage, shouting all the way. What they said, we could not understand, but supposed, of course, it was some expression of enthusiastic admiration, until it occurred to us to ask Lee. "Oh," said he, "that is a little snatch of a song that the Moslems teach their children to entertain the missionaries with." I have translated it into poetic English, and preserved the copyright. It runs thus :

Preacher! Preacher!  
May the desert winds bleach yer  
Bones!

I noticed one young ragamuffin running after us with all his might. He had a bowl of something in his hand. I asked Lee if they ever gave emphasis to their song by throwing anything at the missionaries.

"O, yes," he said; "sometimes."

The ragamuffin kept gaining on us, and I fastened my eye on him, getting more suspicious and madder all the time, to think how that stuff would feel going down the back of my neck. I was saying to myself:

"Now, boy, if you *do* sling that stuff at me—great Cæsar! I'll get out and wallop you just as sure as preachin'."

I couldn't endure the suspense any longer, and so I said :

"Lee, look here; what has that fellow got in that bowl?"

"Why," said he, "that's the boy's supper; it's sausage meat!"

"Do you think he means to throw it at us?"

"No, indeed; he wouldn't waste that on us."

It seemed that he had been eating when we came along, and had caught up his supper and run after us, yelling, "Preacher! Preacher!" etc., stopping at intervals to fill his mouth with the sausage meat.

Fortunately, we arrived at Adava at a time when the missionaries of that region were assembled there and about to part company for their respective fields. If it was a joyful meeting for us to find ourselves, after so long a voyage, once more among our own countrymen, and such warm-hearted Christian people, especially, one may imagine how much more enjoyable it must have been to them, who had been so many years from home, and, as one of them remarked, had never before met an American traveler in all

the twenty years of his labors in that country. There were Mrs. Coffing, Miss Spencer, Miss Brown, and Miss Tucker, all well known to readers of the *Missionary Herald*. They gave us a supper, and sat us down and began to question us. They had heard a rumor that Garfield was dead; was it true? Then questions about home, about the churches, about friends, about everything in that dear old country they had left, perhaps forever.

At length we separated for the night, some going to the house of Mr. Christie, the rest remaining with Mrs. Coffing. My traveling companion, Lowrie, and I had not so far forgotten our American manners as to let those two young ladies go home alone; and probably it was as strange an experience to the ladies themselves as it was amazing to the natives to see men and women walking arm in arm, as if there were a possible equality between them; or rather as if the woman were a being whom the man delighted to honor and protect. How the young ladies felt about it, I don't know. They didn't say; at least, my companion didn't.

We left them, and went home and to bed; and this is the way we did it: We went up on the roof! The whole population of 30,000 men, women, and children were up there, all going to bed at once. It occurred to us that it would be rather pleasanter to sit up and watch the rest go to bed first, than to go to bed ourselves and have them all watching us. And really it was a most interesting and picturesque scene, a whole city full of people lying, some on blankets, some on beds, sleeping in such absolute quiet under the full shining of the moon. It was like the death-stillness of a battlefield strewn with corpses.

A Turk was lying on the next roof. I thought I would go nearer and get a good look at him. He started up in bed as I approached, rubbed his eyes open hurriedly, and looked at me as if to say:

"Where on earth did you come from?"

I looked at him, and he stared at me, until, I think, it must have occurred to both of us at the same moment, and we each said to ourselves:

"Well, now, just suppose you look, will you, if you want to? I think I can stand it as long as you can."

But he was right, and I was mistaken; and I am now ready to own that of all the different peoples that I ever had any experience with, not excepting the Pawnee Indian, there is no one of them who can look, and look, and keep on looking, and say nothing, with such serene composure and a cheek of brass as the Turk.

I thought how delightful it will be now to roll up in a blanket and lie here with my face turned up to the heavens, and count the stars, and weave them into all imaginary shapes until I fall asleep, and the stars go round, and the jovial sun comes up and finds me still in bed and drives me out, laughing, with his hot rays. It seemed to me the very poetry of sleep.

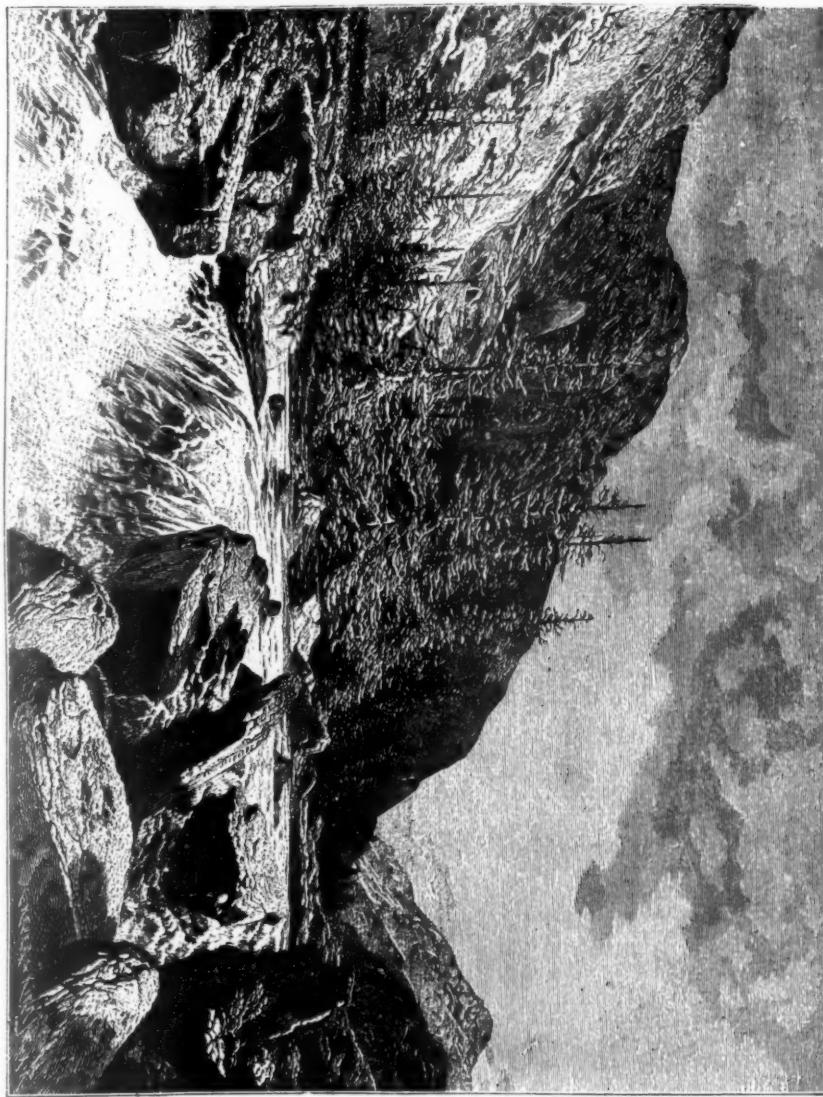
We lay down. But now there came to us, borne down the evening wind, a familiar sound; we were certain that we had heard it before. It broke upon the stillness of the night air in a song—the same old song, unvaried even in this foreign country, which we had heard in infancy. It brought tears to our eyes that night, as it had many a time before in our far distant home: It was a *mosquito*. It wasn't *one*—it was about a million, as near as I could count, and all at once.

"Fee—fi—fo—sum,  
I smell the blood of an American!"

We pulled the sheets over our heads. I left just enough of a breathing place so that my family might not lose my life insurance on the ground that I had committed suicide. It wasn't large enough for a mosquito to come in, standing up, without striking his head. But they got down on their hands and knees and crawled in, I suppose. And all night long I lay tossing and sighing, unable to bring myself to a peaceful decision as to which sort of death would be the most desirable—to be suffocated under bed-clothes, or to be eaten up alive. I thought of Sidney Smith's lines:

"I would I were a cassowary  
On the banks of the Timbuctoo;  
I'd eat up that old missionary,  
Skin, bones, and hymn book, too."

And I thought how nice it would be to be a missionary in this country, and have the people throw stones at you all day, and the mosquitoes eat up what was left of you all night.



THE VALLEY OF THE AAR.  
After the painting of F. Roffian.



## THE STORY OF THE PERPETUAL STUDENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEOPOLD V. SACHER-MASOCH.

**F**LIES hummed on the dingy window panes and pens scratched away across paper. The assistant professor hummed—he lectured to-day for the first time in the professor's place; the bluish-yellow spirit flame hummed, as it burned under the retort on the lecturer's table; and, when the pens ceased scratching, the students hummed also, making use of the pause to read, half aloud, what they had written.

Notwithstanding this Sabbath stillness, but little attention or zeal prevailed in the large lecture hall. The assistant observed this, as did also the man who was crowded into the furthest corner of the last bench and who listened to his words with honest reverence. The student's eyes were fastened on the speaker's face, with an expression of mingled astonishment and despair, and each individual hair on his head seemed to stand on end in sympathy.

This head, already turned perceptibly gray, appeared a little strange among the fresh, almost childlike, faces of the other hearers, with their clustering locks of rich brown or blonde hair.

When the lecture was at an end, the figure to which the head belonged stood up in the class in all its height and breadth, like a century-old oak in the midst of tender sprouts.

"Who is that gentleman in the brown coat," asked the assistant of the janitor.

The latter smiled.

"He is no gentleman," he replied, "but the 'Perpetual Student.' He is so called by everyone. His name is really Nikodem Rawa. He is nearly forty years old, and he has now certainly been as much as ten years in the junior class."

Old Mr. Rawa, Nikodem's father, was an unadulterated Little Russian, neither diluted nor sweetened, a blacksmith in a suburb of Lemberg. His pale-green son, who had shot up tall and narrow chested, showed little inclination toward this noisy occupation. He liked to sit in a quiet nook, with his

mother's prayer-book in his hand, as if reading. When he was finally asked, in real earnest, what he would like to become, he shyly declared that he wished to attend school, so that he might learn to know all the works of God in heaven and on earth.

His father, who did not know a letter, and who kept his accounts with marks instead of figures, agreed at once; not so the mother and other relatives, who perceived a wicked innovation in little Nikodem's resolution.

Whereat, the smith exclaimed, placing his son in the middle of the room:

"How can these poor little hands swing a hammer? Have pity!"

And they all pitied him, and that self-same day he came in possession of a reading book, a catechism, and a slate, and began, at ten years of age, to attend the normal school.

Learning agreed so well with the little fellow that he began at once to develop most vigorously in height and breadth, while his large hands and feet promised a still more thrifty growth.

His mind, however, did not in any degree keep pace with his body. His ability was as small as his yearning after knowledge was great and pathetic. It was a resigned, patient, never-tiring soul that dwelt in this gladiator's frame, but a soul of pitiful poverty and helplessness.

And yet Nikodem passed successfully through the preparatory school; for, as he continued to grow and grow, to everybody's terror, so he also studied without ceasing, day and night.

To be sure, he remained in each class two years, and in the last class of the preparatory school, three years, even. Yet, the day came when he was permitted to carry a cane and the professors addressed him with the prefix "Mr." And, though he had only attained the dignity of a junior at twenty-six, it still served to increase his satisfaction and pride. To a lame person ascending a high mountain, the view that the summit

offers seems, doubtless, much more glorious than to one who ascends lightly and rapidly on sound limbs.

To Nikodem's mind, it seemed now as if the seals of learning were about to be unclasped. He opened his eyes wide, as if by this means to pierce the obscurity, and listened to the professors as though possessed of a hundred ears, instead of two. But the darkness remained impenetrable, and what he heard was only empty sound.

He worried himself frightfully, but without any result whatever. Anxious, stubborn, restless, he inspired all, professors and students, with compassion. He perspired over his pamphlets, took walks with them, and even ate his meals with a spoon or a fork in one hand and a book in the other. He conversed with his books as with living, reasoning beings; he demanded explanations of them, caressed them, quarreled with them, and cursed them; he implored, conjured them, earnestly, with tears; and yet, for him, they remained dumb.

Whether he spent whole nights studying aloud by his little lamp; or whether he flung logarithms and Atlantes behind the stove, it amounted to the same thing.

Nikodem simply did not comprehend what he was about. A bandage lay over his eyes. He did not progress a step, not half a step, and after he had twice tried and failed to pass the examinations, he remained ever after fixed in the class.

"I cannot shoe hoofs. I cannot plow the fields," he said one day to his father, resigned to his fate; "so I must study, even though I make no progress. I must, but henceforth I will maintain myself."

The elder only laughed.

"To study is your affair," he said; "but to support you is mine. Where so many eat, you also may be filled."

But Nikodem's upright nature rebelled. He began to give lessons, to copy for the professors, and to write parts for the theater.

He moved quietly one evening into a little room near the manager of the theater, and took his meals at a Jewish restaurant in the Serwaniza, the Ghetto of Lemberg. He gave up trying to pass the examinations for a third time, and he also gave up further study.

But it seemed impossible for him to say farewell forever to the recitation bench and

the large blackboard. He continued a student. The professors tolerated him willingly, as a sort of shining example of industry to the others, and the students treated him as an heirloom lovingly received from their predecessors, and sorrowfully turned him over to their successors.

They called him, jestingly, the "Perpetual Student"; yet, for all that, they loved him none the less. Everybody loved him; it would have been difficult to hate him. Where was there another so sociable, so good-natured, so without deceit, and, at the same time, so enthusiastic for all that is great, and true, and beautiful, as was Nikodem Rawa?

He never missed a lecture. Why should he, when the vacations appeared in his eyes only a necessary evil, to which he resigned himself year after year with a sigh? He was wholly at a loss to understand how any one, while the voice of the professor resounded from the vaulted roof in exalted monotone, could occupy himself with anything else than the subject of the discourse; how any one could yawn.

And now, these young philosophers, who heard for the first time what he had so often heard, allowed themselves, from year to year, certain frivolous jokes with their instructors, in whom everything appeared venerable to him—not their learning, not their voices alone, but their coughing, their hawking, their large spectacles, and even the snuff box, out of which they took their pinches of snuff.

Nikodem knew beforehand what would come, must come. He was no less certain that Augustus followed Julius Cæsar, than he was that there would be drumming with canes at the first reading of the roll-register, and that at the so-called "Asses' bridge," in geometry, there would be an outburst of resounding laughter.

It was, likewise, a matter of course that the favorite among the students, Schwabe Maus, should, each year at his first lecture on universal history, find a dead mouse on his desk, that he should every time remove it with unruffled severity, saying:

"My name is Maus, and I throw the mouse out of the window."

Nothing surprised him, and yet his mind was continually under tension, and not seldom profoundly moved, when the old gentle-

men, with their shining crowns and white neckties, expounded, with the beautiful enthusiasm of youth, the great deeds of the Romans, the glorious propositions of ethics, or the wonderful discoveries of science, to their youthful auditors.

Nikodem deported himself among his colleagues as he did in the lecture hall. He was content to be with them. If they went out to the shore, or the sand mountain, or were together in the room of a friend, and they began a debate, he would be happy only to sit quietly in some corner and listen to them. But seldom did an exclamation escape him, such as "You don't say so!" or, "How is that?"

Still more seldom did he betray himself by an asserting nod of the head. Only when some one began to declaim a poem or a scene from "Faust," without that consecrating stillness which his heart demanded, did it happen that Nikodem allowed himself to be carried away so far as to say:

"Attention there, you young people!"

Or, if some one composed a couple of stanzas, it appeared inadmissible to Nikodem to make any investigation as to whether they were good or not, he would tolerate no censure. He moved uneasily on his chair, shook his head, gesticulated with his hands; and, finally, most likely, jumped to his feet, clasped the poet in his arms, and kissed him.

On the whole, Nikodem was heartily glad that he had been led within the student circles, and expressed his overflowing thankfulness by a hundred little services to his colleagues. So he became, in time, the indispensable factotum of the undergraduates, beloved by all.

A faithful elephant in every intrigue, in every excursion an unweared pack animal, he was, at the same time, tailor, shoemaker, dyer, and seamstress. He also performed as eagerly the duty of a speaking tube or a pump. He was an artist, in that he could restore worn-out boots, so that one might appear in any drawing-room with them. He could also transform an old or a soiled coat into a new one by means of thread, ink, and soap.

Who can count the wakeful nights he spent by the side of the sick! Who the number of money lenders with whom he was in active business relations! There was

nothing that Nikodem did not know how to convert into money by means of one or another of his curly-headed, bearded friends. And so every student who had anything to pawn or to sell naturally made him his confidant. In raising money, the "Perpetual Student" was a downright genius.

With this object in view, he frequently visited the excellent Schmol Herschel, whom he never annoyed with old garments or with a watch that would not go.

Schmol Herschel never demanded a bond, or even a note. He lent money only to "safe" people, but to these on their bare word. To him, safe people were not those who passed for rich, but whose faces pleased him; and, as Schmol Herschel was an excellent judge of men and a good business man, only honest faces pleased him, and he never made a mistake.

Nikodem Rawa had such a face, and Schmol Herschel would, in a case of necessity, have bet ten thousand florins on that face.

Nikodem stood, moreover, in high favor with the pretty and portly Madam Herschel, whom he now and then brought a forbidden book, and who liked to discuss literature and the theater with him.

When Nikodem came to Schmol Herschel, he would first speak of everything else, and then of money; but Herschel, on the other hand, liked best to speak about money first, and then of everything else; and so, on each occasion, a generous contest would arise between the two.

"I have brought you something," began Nikodem, perhaps, "you cannot guess what it is, Mrs. Herschel."

"Do you want money?" whispered Schmol to him, with his usual amiability.

"Can you guess, then, Mr. Herschel?" continued Nikodem, producing a book.

"How can I guess? Am I a junior, like you?" exclaimed Schmol, adding softly, almost tenderly, "whom do you want money for?"

Nikodem lifted the cover of the book and handed it to Mrs. Herschel, who fairly burst through her fur jacket with satisfaction.

"Heine's 'Traveling Sketches'!"

"Yes, Heine's 'Traveling Sketches'."

"You ought surely to be set in gold, dear Mr. Rawa," responded the lady in flute-like tones, while she allowed an expression of fondness to play in her eyes.

"So, here are fifty florins," cried Schmol Herschel, thrusting them into Nikodem's pocket; "or, do you need more?"

"I need only thirty for the lawyer Glinski. His father has an estate in the Tarnopol region—"

"Have I asked you about that?"

Schmol Herschel interrupted him with an injured air.

"I have not asked you. If I give the money to you, what need have I to know whether Mr. Glinski has a father, or whether the father has an estate or no estate? You will return me my fifty florins, and I want to know nothing more."

All this, and much besides, came into his simple, modest life like light and color. How happy he was when, of an evening, the students met with this one or that one, smoked, drank beer, and sang student songs—things strongly forbidden in those days. Then an exalted feeling possessed him, as if he had taken part in the conspiracy against Julius Cesar, and he sang, probably, the "Gaudeamus" on his way home, beating time with his large student cane on the flagstones.

The poorly-furnished room that he occupied near the manager of the theater, in the third story of the theater itself, inclosed no inconsiderable part of his happiness.

To be sure, he enjoyed here only a wonderful view of roofs and stairs, lines with drying clothes, carpets that gave out clouds of dust under Spanish canes, and wood piled up in the back yards; but, as an offset to this, he had sometimes, also, a glimpse of a strip of blue sky, and, year after year, swallows built their cozy nests under his window.

The furniture of the room consisted of a problematical bed, a dreadful table, and one chair that always afforded him an opportunity of applying practically the laws of equilibrium. As his whole wardrobe had place on a nail in the wall, what use had he for a chest? And what purpose could a second chair have served, when his box, covered with a red cloth, offered both a convenient and a showy seat? This box was, at the same time, his dressing table, his hearth, upon which he boiled his tea every evening, and his pantry.

The door of his little room was so low that he was compelled to stoop every time he came in or went out, and the ceiling was

just high enough to prevent his striking his head against it.

As amends for these inconveniences, the walls were pasted over from top to bottom with colored prints taken from the theatrical papers of Vienna, so that his eyes could, at any time, refresh themselves with scenes from the latest operas and plays.

Half a dozen unwashed and uncombed children cried and stormed in his neighborhood, from morning till evening; but, as a compensation for this, he also heard, from time to time, the tones of the theater orchestra floating upward when there was a rehearsal below; and, when there was nothing else, he hears the bass drum, whose hollow resonance seemed to him like heavenly music. And many a time he saw the employés of the theater bring out the decorations from the store-room, and he rejoiced over the trees, the rocks, the well-springs and the gorgeous canopy.

The kitchen fire sometimes smoked viciously, and the smoke had the odious habit of penetrating his little room through gaping slits in the door; but nobody hindered him from opening the window, and if he wished to do more, he could thrust his head out and have the rare pleasure of overlooking, as from a balloon, the theatrical people, who dwelt mostly in the theater buildings.

He had, for instance, shed tears during the presentation of "Don Carlos"; then, how comforting it was for him to see *Posa*, on the next day, smoking a pipe, *King Philip* rock his crying child, or *Epoli* mending her husband's socks.

Nikodem took his breakfast with the people of the house. The coffee looked, perhaps, like soapsuds and tasted like a mixture of lamp oil and slackened lime; but, in compensation, what gossip could not the manager retail about theatrical people, especially the ladies!

It was as in a droll fairy play, when the veils before the cloud scene are raised, one after another, until, at last, the beautiful fairy becomes visible behind transparent gauze. Nikodem listened almost as reverently as in the auditorium, and the little theatrical secrets that he knew served to enhance his esteem with Schmol Herschel, and his popularity among the students.

In the meantime, the evening brought

him his hours of relaxation. Then no cooking was going on; there was no smoke; neither was there any noise, for the children were asleep. Then he would sit in his old dressing-gown, with the long Turkish pipe on the table, lost in some good book, or copying, with innocent joy and breathless suspense, some treatise for one of the professors or a part out of a play.

Quiet as it was, he was, nevertheless, not alone. He loved animals, and would only too gladly have had a dog, or at least a bird, with him; but, as this was too expensive, he contented himself with a spider that had set up her airy tent directly above his desk, and the mice that dwelt beneath the floor. When he was writing, the spider liked to let himself down and swing over the paper by a long thread, or even run hither and thither over the same; and the mice promenaded about the bedstead, or industriously trimmed their velvety coats, or seized the crumbs he threw to them, devouring them leisurely, as they held them daintily between their little paws.

The most hallowed hours were those that Nikodem spent with his father. When he sat with the honest, sensible old gentleman in the large, tidy sitting-room, then neither of them had another wish, none ever so small. His father was the only person in the world whom Nikodem impressed with his learning, who honestly admired him.

How could this homage other than do him good, him who, all his life long, everywhere, was accustomed to stand in shadows? Here the sunshine fell upon him full and warm, and it came from the best heart in the world, his father's heart. Nikodem told him what was in the papers; whatever happened in the world that was weighty and wonderful; explained this and that to him; what there was interesting the minds of men; the new inventions and discoveries; and never grew weary of answering his father's questions. All this he did modestly and lovingly, without a trace of assumption.

How the eyes of the honest Russian smith shone when his son had left him. With what pride he remarked to his friends and relations:

"There is a head for you, and how he can talk! One always learns something from him."

And the thoughts of Nikodem were no

less good and friendly, when he left the elder Rawa.

"If I had studied only to give my father pleasure," he thought, "it would have been worth all the trouble."

Nikodem occasionally received a pass to the theater from the manager. He ascended the steep stairs leading to the highest gallery, each time with an emotion largely made up of devout awe. He never went to objectionable plays; seldom to an opera. When he took his place on the narrow wooden bench immediately before the parapet, there was surely a great, a soul-stirring poem to be presented. The time that he spent here waiting in quietness and obscurity until the rising of the curtain had something consecrating in it, whether he now listened while the other students whistled snatches from the latest pieces or discussed the performances of the actors, or whether he, undisturbed, gave himself wholly to the pleasing sensation of expectancy.

While the play was going on below him, he conducted himself only a little differently from a child. He laughed, he cried, he was angered, struck with terror; his heart leaped with joy and he never thought of applauding. What he saw and heard was for him no make-believe, but living reality.

His ideal was Madam Lomnizka, a no longer young, but talented and experienced, actress, who, thanks to the favor of the public and the protection of the management, played all the leading parts; the perverse little kitten, as well as the blood-stained *Lady Macbeth*, or the unfortunate *Scotch Mary*. Nikodem felt a sort of adoration for this woman. He held his breath when she stepped upon the boards. The rustling of the train made him tremble. The sound of her voice dominated him completely. Its every tone found an echo in his heart. He became tender, passionate, bold, exalted, wild or sorrowful; nay, even deceitful and blood-thirsty, under its influence.

How happy he became once to see her wardrobe hung out for an airing in the corridor of the first story, where she lived—the blood-red robe of ermine in which she wrapped herself as *Barbara Radziwil*, the white nightgown of *Desdemona*, the coat of mail of the *Maid of Orleans*.

Daily, at breakfast, he inquired fully of the manager about Madam Lomnizka. All

that concerned her seemed to him to be of importance and interest, even what she ate and drank, and at what hour she arose in the morning.

"Oh, if I could but once, one single time, come near her," he exclaimed one day, "I would give ten years of my life for the privilege!"

"Why give ten years of your life away?" asked the manager. "Give me a twenty and you shall enjoy this happiness a whole evening."

The bargain was closed, and the following evening the manager took Nikodem upon the stage and dressed him in wide pantaloons, doublet, and high boots. He clapped a cap on his head and buckled a sword to his side. "Who am I then?" asked the student timidly.

"You are an attendant of the *Count von Croix* and have to hand this letter to the *Duchess of Burgundy*, Madam Lomnizka, in the third act."

Nikodem concealed the letter on his person and hid himself behind one of the side doors. By and by the actors, costumed and rouged, appeared upon the stage, and there carried on their accustomed jesting. Finally, came also the rustling of the train of the *Duchess of Burgundy*, and Madam Lomnizka stepped to the curtain in order to get a glimpse of the public.

At the sight of her, Nikodem was seized by a nameless anguish, but her tall figure, elastic step, her bosom, encircled by the swelling ermine, and now, especially, her face, with the great shining eyes, put him more and more into a sort of intoxicated condition and inspired him with a wonderfully bold thought.

He took out his theatrical letter, and saw that it contained a blank sheet. Quickly resolved, he wrote upon it a short, but glowing, tribute, and again concealed the fantastic document in his yellow doublet.

The third act came. Nikodem stood at the door, pressing his hand to his heart, as Madam Lomnizka stretched herself divinely on the convenient couch. Now the manager gave him the signal. With extravagant earnestness, Nikodem hemmed, as though he had to speak *Hamlet's* soliloquy, entered with quiet dignity, knelt before her on one knee, and handed the letter to the wondrous woman.

Madam Lomnizka opened the missive and glanced at it mechanically, and then, quickly and searchingly, at the man at her feet, only finally to speak, with an emotion of tempered dignity, the words:

"Tell the count that I await him."

Nikodem arose, bowed reverently, and withdrew with firm steps. He had learned this kind of gait by watching the great stage heroes.

Madam Lomnizka had put his lines in her bosom, under the swelling ermine. She read them in the dressing-room, and, at the beginning of the fourth act, she asked the manager:

"Who is the young man who handed me the letter?"

"A student," the manager replied, as he discreetly took a pinch of snuff. "A young man of good family, who cherishes an almost insane enthusiasm for you. He wished to enjoy the happiness of only once coming into your presence"—the old fox made a courtesy—"and so I have made him happy."

Madam Lomnizka smiled.

In the last act occurred a soliloquy, during which she had to look toward the sinking sun. She leaned against the window. There, to her and to his own no little astonishment, stood Nikodem. Not dead, not living, he would gladly have disappeared; but his feet were glued to the spot, and the sweat of anguish stood on his brow.

But what was that? Between the quavering words, spoken with pathos, there sounded from angel lips:

"Wait for me after the performance."

Then, all of a sudden, wings grew on the soles of poor Nikodem's feet. He flew to his wardrobe, changed his clothes with a rush, and, as the curtain fell, he stood ready in the dim passage leading to the stage. He stood a long time before a tall female form, wrapped in a long fur robe, that revealed itself by the feeble light of a dying flame, and summoned him, with a condescending nod of the head, to accompany it.

Nikodem dared not offer her his arm, not even to walk by her side. He followed her through the passages and up the steps to the first floor, like a lackey, always two respectful paces behind her.

When they reached her little salon, he saw a thousand golden flies dancing before his eyes, and his whole body trembled, so that

the robe which Madam Lomnizka threw off with a majestic movement, slipped from his hands to the floor. They seated themselves and the actress spoke of the rare pleasure he had prepared for her in enabling her to know such a sincere friend of art. She assured him that she loved nothing better than to chat, after the representation, with a gifted man about the piece and her part.

Madam Lomnizka led the conversation further, while his whole vocabulary on that evening consisted of the words "yes," "no," and "wonderful." When he went away, he stumbled three times, first, as he kissed her hand, then over the doorstep, and once more while descending the steps.

Two days later, Madam Lomnizka played *Phædra*, and sent Nikodem a ticket for a reserved seat. He was beside himself with joy; but the nearer the hour for the performance approached, the more uneasy he became, and when he finally found himself seated in the theater between an officer and a richly-dressed lady, he was in a truly uncomfortable, even dismal, state of mind. Whether he looked to the right, to the left, or straight before him, he had ever the impression that all eyes, all opera-glasses, were directed only upon him. He resolved never to descend again from his gallery to this dangerous place. He remained ever afterward true to his resolution.

Madam Lomnizka soon became aware of the actual state of things regarding her fanatical adorer. She felt that she could never step down from the pedestal in his presence, and so always kept him at a certain moral distance.

Strictly considered, this was quite unnecessary. He worshipped her, loved her to ecstasy, he deified her; but he was contented merely to come into her presence; happy when permitted to take a cup of tea with her; blessed if her glance at any time strayed from the stage up to him in the gallery. No word betraying his feelings for her ever escaped him. Never did he dare so much as to touch the ends of her fingers.

At the same time, he appeared to be totally blind, and to his own advantage. Would he, perchance, have been happier had he seen that this woman, who, in her fur wrapping, could sink so bewitchingly into the silk cushions, was quite past her bloom; that her cheeks and lips were painted, and

her teeth false? Would it, perhaps, have been agreeable to him to discover that Madam Lomnizka was made up of the most frightful grimaces? Certainly not. These grimaces impressed him, even transported him with ecstasy.

If now the light annoyed her eyes and he hurriedly drew the curtain; if the heat became suddenly unbearable and she ordered the window raised, only to have it closed again the next instant, and allowed herself to be wrapped by him in her great fur robe and all the bear and wolf skins that were at hand; or, if she felt such an irresistible longing after a pineapple that he sped through the whole city to find her one—all this only served to make her appear more unusual, interesting, and lovely in his eyes. If he had run about all day doing errands for her, and came to her in the evening, tired, wet to the skin, and possibly hungry, she had only to deliver up her beautiful little hand, for a few moments, to his hot kisses, and he was fully compensated.

She ever maintained her exalted, godlike character, and, indeed, when she wished to be amiable, she showed herself only gracious and condescending. But that was sufficient for this poor, modest, helpless man. He would have been happy, if she had never smiled upon him.

Madam Lomnizka made use of Nikodem in various ways. Now, she used him to overhear her rehearsal or to wind her watch; now, to bring about the applause that was her due, as well as to throw her bouquets and garlands, and, on proper occasions, to give her a serenade. She used him, also, industriously as "a voice of the public," and to pummel the critics.

And whatever the world might say of her, Nikodem remained always her steadfast friend. All that he asked was to be allowed to love, to adore, her; and, as his love continued ever unassuming, and his worship never became burdensome, why should not Madam Lomnizka have tolerated him?

She did always tolerate him at her feet, as the professors had tolerated him in the furthest corner of the lecture hall, and also the students, as a sort of familiar spirit.

There are human beings who, all their lives long, are simply endured. They are only happy when they are so endured; and such a being was Nikodem Rawa.

## THE MOTHER OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

THAT great men have usually been blessed with distinguished mothers has become recognized as a general truth. Although Peter the Great, of Russia, was not the demigod that some of his contemporaries considered him to be, he was certainly a remarkable man, and his mother, the beautiful Natalia Kesilovna Narischkin, was a remarkable woman. She was a high-minded, gentle, and most charming woman; and, although only a plain citizen's daughter, she was well fitted for the lofty position she afterward filled. The story of her marriage is a romantic one.

Alexis Michaelovitch, second of the line of Romanoffs, who became czar of Russia at the age of sixteen, married early, and became a widower at the age of twenty-seven. He was a wise and politic prince, as well as amiable and affectionate. His first marriage having been one of policy, he formed the resolution (an uncommon one in the seventeenth century among the sovereigns of Europe) of making his second one from inclination alone.

It seems like a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights," to read how, after he had resolved to make a personal search for the one who should be empress of his affections, as well as of his realm, he used to wander about the country in various disguises. Wherever there were families with daughters, they were certain to be visited, now by a botanist seeking for rare herbs, now by a wandering merchant with tempting wares from Asia or Italy, now by a teacher looking out for a place in a school, or for private pupils. It was long before he found the object of his search. But one thing, at least, he gained, and that was a thorough knowledge of his people, their wants and wishes, which he could have obtained in no other way.

Walking one day by the banks of a river, he encountered a man named Matwerf, with whom, as a traveling merchant, he had already some acquaintance. They fell into conversation, and Matwerf finally invited him to his house.

Besides the lady of the house, Alexis was presented to a tall, beautiful girl, named Natalia, an orphan, taken into the good man's house out of charity, on the untimely death of both her parents. She wore the simple national costume of the period. It consisted of a long white upper vest over a gay-colored petticoat, blue stockings, and low shoes, a black velvet cap on her head, and a necklace of glass beads, to which was attached a worn silver image of St. Nicholas, completed her attire.

The dinner, an excellent one, was served by the women themselves. Alexis, although often pressed by his obliging hostess, would eat but little. His whole attention was engrossed by her fair ward. When she left the room, the old people did nothing but sing her praises. It proved a theme to which the imperial guest was very willing to listen.

"She reads and writes so well," said the good woman, concluding her praises, "that she might be private secretary to the czar himself, God bless him! And yet there is not a girl in all the land that spins a thread more evenly and finely, or can bake a loaf of bread better than she. She helps me in the house during the day, and reads to my husband in the long winter evenings. In short, she is the joy of our age."

The more the czar saw of the girl, the more she fascinated him. He called at the house again and again. Soon he had the satisfaction of finding that his pleasure in these visits was shared by her to whom he made them.

One day, he spoke of his love and admiration. Natalia was no coquette, and Alexis left the house as her accepted lover, promising soon to return and claim his bride openly.

But time passed and brought no news of her merchant lover to Natalia. He did not even write. The girl began to grieve over what she could not but consider her lover's faithlessness.

Meantime, an imperial proclamation was issued and sent into every part of the czar's

vast dominions. It was to the effect that every Russian girl who was young and beautiful should appear on a given day, without fail, at the Kremlin, in Moscow, in order that the czar, who had revived an ancient custom, might be able to choose a wife from among the daughters of the people.

Natalia was undoubtedly more than fair enough to come within the terms of the edict. In spite of prayers and tears, she was compelled to accompany her foster-father, Matwerf, to the royal palace, there to await her doom.

After casting one timid and terrified glance around, she grew more composed. Among the hundreds of beautiful girls, many of them were of noble birth, and all of them were more or less splendidly attired, and eager to secure the great matrimonial prize. She felt confident that her simple, unobtrusive charms would pass unnoticed.

A mighty burst of trumpets, thrice repeated, proclaimed the czar's approach. The folding doors were thrown open. Alexis entered, in his imperial robes, the diadem upon his head, and his sword hilt, covered with jewels, sparkling by his side. Smiling and exchanging a kindly word here and there, he passed through the ranks of blooming maidens.

When he approached Natalia, he spoke her name. She looked up and their eyes met. She sank fainting to the ground. It was her betrothed lover, the wandering merchant from Novgorod.

Attendants carried her hastily into a neighboring apartment. When she recov-

ered, it was to hear herself called by the tenderest names, by him she loved so well. Then she was conducted into the great hall, and the emperor's choice was declared. After a splendid banquet, the young ladies were dismissed with rich presents. Natalia's was a bridal dress of regal splendor.

The emperor never had cause to regret his choice. Her loving heart and cultivated understanding sweetened his hours of toil and vexation. When wearied by the cares of his vast empire, he sought relief and happiness in domestic retirement. His empress took a zealous part in all his endeavors to improve the condition of the people. Eagerly she sought to instill the virtues that she herself possessed into the hearts of her female subjects.

As she was a true wife, she was also a faithful mother to her son Peter, afterwards named the Great. Had she been longer spared to direct his education, many of his faults of character might have been eradicated. As it was, her early influence on him was great and beneficial.

She did not forget, in her elevation to the imperial throne, the excellent people that had so cared for her when a helpless orphan. But they were prouder than she of the lofty station to which she had been raised.

After many years of the happiest union, she died. Alexis did not long survive her. To their throne their son Peter succeeded; and, although he learned much in the school of adversity that was unlovely, the gentle teachings of his mother were never wholly lost.

#### A GREAT TRAVELER.

**A** LITTLE, modest American butterfly has caused a profound sensation among American and European entomologists, from the fact that it has been caught in the very act of traveling around the world. So modest a creature was not thought worthy of any other name than "bug." But the scientists have now christened it with the imposing name of *anosia plexippus*.

It is only during the past thirty years that this American butterfly commenced making journeys to other lands. It first went over

to the Sandwich islands, where it is now abundant. In 1860, a Roman Catholic missionary's attention was called to its prolific spread in the Marquesas islands. Mr. James J. Walker, found it in the Society islands and the Cook and Harvey groups, where he also found abundance of the food plant, *asclepias curassavica*. Even upon the remote little island of Oparo, in the far distant south, it has been found.

It is especially plentiful throughout the Samoan, Friendly, and Fiji islands. Some years ago, it became exceedingly abundant

in New Caledonia; but, owing to the destruction of all the food plant by the larvæ, it has become scarce there. It has also established itself in the north island of New Zealand and in Norfolk island.

In 1870, it was first noticed in Queensland, Australia, and now it is seen in all the warmer parts of the island, and even so far south as Tasmania, latitude 42°. It is also firmly established in the New Hebrides, Solomon islands, New Guinea. It has been found recently in Celebes and Java.

It has made itself at home in the West Indies, and the Bermudas. Two fine specimens were captured in the Azores in 1864,

though none seem to have been found there since. It has not been observed yet in Maderia, though its food plant has arrived there. It was found in Britain in 1876, La Vendée in 1877, the latter being the only specimen ever captured on the European continent. In 1881, another specimen was taken in Kent, England, and last year at least twelve were captured in the southern counties of England.

The *anosia* is exhibiting to naturalists, perhaps, the most remarkable illustration ever seen of the geographical distribution of living creatures.

#### AN UNKNOWN MARY.

BY CH. DUNNING.

BEFORE I had been an hour with Tom, I knew that he had something to tell me. He came near unburdening his mind, as we strolled out to the apple orchard; but his children scampered after us, and he devoted himself to their entertainment.

Later, when we sat on the piazza, watching the sunset, I thought that the hour for the disclosure had surely come; but Mrs. Tom joined us, and the conversation ran in the direction of hard-wood floors.

It was natural that Tom and his wife should take a lively interest in hard-wood floors. They had just bought a new summer home at Merville, a little Long Island village, and had come through a terrible ordeal at the hands of carpenters. Mrs. Tom gave a vivacious account of the recent trial, dwelt eloquently on the stupidity of the modern mechanic, and then withdrew. My host and I again lapsed into silence.

I could hear the dull boom of the sea, and slowly a mist drifted down about us and enveloped us in the very atmosphere of confidence. Still, it was too damp for men who had passed the reckless age, and, accordingly, we went into the library, where a few hickory logs lay in the yawning fire-place.

When Tom set the wood to blazing, I was confident that he meant to open his heart, and that he would tell me something verging on the romantic. He had a great notion

of impropriety. If he had been about to talk of his business affairs, he would not have lighted that unnecessary fire.

"I bought a good deal of furniture with the house," he said, as he gave me an armchair; "and this room looks now just about as it did in the captain's time."

It was a small room, and made even smaller by a massive, brass-bound table, a large haircloth sofa, and a tall mahogany secretary. Great flowers sprawled over the wall paper up to the ceiling, and on the high wooden mantel stood old-fashioned gilt candlesticks, with long, pendant prisms. These prisms had a fascination for me, and I set them to jingling and tinkling together.

"There used to live here," said Tom, "an old sea captain and his wife. They died within a week of each other, and then this place was put up at auction. I tell you, it made me sad to pull and maul the old house, and when I did make changes, I was careful not to hurt the feelings of the captain and his wife."

"They're dead," I said.

"Yes, yes; I know that," he exclaimed; "but I have regarded their feelings just the same. I meant to paint the house a dark green, but I knew they wouldn't like it. So I put on a coat of brown, as near the old shade as I could get, and I bought a good deal of their furniture; so, if the ghosts of

the captain and his wife walk here, they will feel at home."

I laughed. Who to hear Tom talk would dream that he was a hard-headed man of business? Who to hear me laugh would suppose that I wrote sentimental stories?

"Ah, you may laugh all you like," said Tom; "but you only affect the sneering, scoffing style. At heart, you are as romantic as a girl."

He wheeled about in his chair, and pulled a soiled envelope out of a pigeon-hole of the secretary, and showed it to me, saying:

"Now, here is romance."

"It doesn't look like it," I remarked.

"What do you suppose it is?" he asked, bracing himself in his chair, and I knew that the time for the great disclosure had come, but I dared not show any eagerness.

"Oh, a long lost will," I answered.

"Guess again."

"A recipe for your gingerbread."

"Now, Joe, be serious," Tom said, in an injured tone.

"Is it a sonnet to Arabella's eyebrow?" I ventured to ask.

He brightened up at once. As the children say when they hide the handkerchief, I was "very warm."

"Not quite," he answered.

Then he leaned forward and laid his hand on my knee. He looked earnestly in my face, and when he spoke, it was almost in a whisper.

"Joe, it is an ardent declaration of love."

"And you found it in a secret drawer of the old secretary," I said, trying not to smile.

Tom was very solemn in moments of confidence.

"Doubtless the sea captain penned it years and years ago," I continued: "Let me see if his spelling equals his ardor."

I stretched out my hand, but Tom drew back the letter quickly, and laid it away in the pigeon-hole.

"You are not in the proper frame of mind," he said. "I swear, when I read that letter, I felt like peeping Tom, of Coventry. I ought to have torn it up at once, but I kept it to show you. I thought you would be interested in it. I did not suppose you would scoff."

"I will go into training for that letter," said I. "I will feed on the poets, Byron, De

Musset, Heine, Dante Rossetti. Unluckily, there is no moon just now, but when there is one, I will stare at her and sigh. Finally, may I hope to read the sea captain's avowal of his love, written half a century ago?"

"'Tisn't the sea captain's," said Tom; "and it was written only four years ago."

"By whom?" I asked.

"By somebody who signs himself 'Jack,' and who addresses somebody else as 'dear Mary.'"

"And is that all you know about it?" I cried. "Why, man, the world is full of Jacks and Marys. Who is this particular Jack? Who is this particular Mary?"

Tom shook his head sadly.

"Ah, that is what I wish to know. The name on the envelope is so blurred that no one can read it. Well, Mary never saw the letter, and I am afraid she never will."

"Did you find it in the secretary?"

"No; it was under the flooring in the hall. I told the carpenter to take up the flooring; for, though the wood was good, it had not been properly laid, and was full of cracks. I could put my finger in some of them.

"Well, when the carpenter ripped off a plank near the front door, he saw this letter lying face downward on a beam. He took it between his forefinger and thumb and brought it at once to me. So he says. My belief is, he dropped it into a pail of water, carried it in his pocket a week, and managed to make the address perfectly illegible. He was capable of anything, that man."

"Perhaps he wrote it," I suggested. "Perhaps he is of a romantic turn of mind."

Tom silenced me with one look.

"Wait until you hear the letter," he said. "I opened it. I did not know what else to do with it. I could not send it to the late owners of the house, for they were dead."

"But if their spirits walk here," said I, in a suggestive way.

"They would not be interested in the letter," Tom answered.

He showed me the envelope. It was post-marked New York, but the address was blurred, save the name of the village, Merville.

"How do you suppose it came on that beam?" I asked.

"Oh, that is as clear as daylight. There was a letter-box fastened on the inner side of

the door. Somebody meant to slip this massive into the box, but, with the perversity of inanimate things, it chose to jump into a crack in the floor and hide itself. At least, that is my theory. And so poor Jack's ardent love letter failed to reach his sweet heart."

"That could never have happened to a grocery bill," I remarked.

"Never!" said Tom.

He drew the letter from the pigeon-hole again, and fingered it tenderly. At last, he unfolded it and then read the contents to me in a low voice:

NEW YORK, September, '79.

MY DEAR MARY:

Before I went away, I tried to tell you what you already know, that I love you; but you would never let me utter the words that were on my lips. I confess that I am an awkward fellow in my wooing; perhaps, because I never loved any one but you. If you will take my love and my devotion, they are yours; and they are yours even if you will not give aught in return. Dear, I want you—

Here Tom broke off abruptly, and gave me the letter.

"Read the rest yourself," he said.

There were not many more lines, but every one was a passionate appeal. I folded the letter neatly, and gave it back to Tom, who put it in the secretary, saying:

"And to think that Mary never saw that letter! She wondered why he went away without speaking out as a man should, and at last she was forced to believe that he had made love to her merely as a summer pastime.

"Yes," I said, "and he curses her as a heartless coquette. She led him on and on, yet never let him tell her that he loved her. Finally, he wrote, and she ignored his letter."

"Other men love her," said Tom; "but she cannot trust them; she has grown hard and cynical."

"He sneers at women," said I.

"He goes up and down the world, pitying the poor dupes that are lured to their destruction by a pair of soft eyes. But sometimes, when he is alone, he thinks tenderly of Mary. He lives over again those sweet summer days, and he forgives her. Oh, I know just the state of mind that man is in."

Tom looked at me suspiciously.

"Joe," said he, "it isn't you."

"Is my name Jack?" I retorted sharply;

and he was obliged to confess that it was not. He would have been the happiest man in the world if he could have traced that letter back to me.

At ten o'clock I bade him good night and went to my room.

I kept thinking of those miserable young lovers, and I resolved to make them happy. So I sat down and began to write the story of their misunderstanding. First, I told how Jack's letter went astray. I dwelt at length on his misery, and at equal length on Mary's despair. I drew a picture of the old sea captain and his wife. I described their house. I described the village, giving it a fictitious name, of course.

All that was easy enough; but to clear up the misunderstanding was not so easy. At last, I hit upon a plan whereby the letter should finally fall into Jack's hands. It was necessary to give him a name, and, on the spur of the moment, I christened him John Grafton, probably because my host's name was Thomas Graff. I left my John Grafton happy with his Mary, just as the old clock down stairs was striking twelve.

I counted the slow, solemn strokes, and listened to the rising wind. A great gnat rattled the window shutter fiercely, and, in the silence that followed, I heard the sea captain say to his wife:

"Are Jack and Mary down on the porch?"

It was a full minute before his wife answered:

"Yes, and let them stay there, dear. Don't you remember—" and then her pleading voice was borne away on the wind.

The next morning I asked Tom if the old sea captain and his wife did not once occupy this room that I had slept in.

"I think so," he answered; and I have left the furniture in the room nearly as I found it."

"The old captain and his wife were both there last night," I said; and Tom looked solemn. He believed it, and so did I.

Just then, Mrs. Tom came into the library, and the instant she looked at us, she burst out laughing. I ought to say that she was a plump, pretty little woman, with a pair of big, brown eyes.

"Did Mary's letter keep you awake?" she said to me. "I heard you moving about your room last night after twelve o'clock had struck. Did her restless spirit visit

you? Did she clank her chains and moan to Jack?"

I confessed the truth, and then I begged leave to read them my little story. They listened patiently, but when I had done, Tom sighed and said:

"I only hope that the real Mary and Jack are happy."

"Of course they are," cried his wife. Then, noting my incredulous expression, she turned on me.

"What, do you suppose that Jack tore his hair and gnashed his teeth when no answer came to his letter? He waited just ten long days and then he went to Mary. That was precisely what she expected. Their boy must be two or three years old by this time."

"No, no," I said warmly; "Jack took her silence as her answer."

Mrs. Tom looked at me in contempt, mingled with gentle pity.

"I am afraid you will live and die a bachelor," she remarked.

I stayed in Merville a week, and spent a good deal of time making hap-hazard inquiries about the sea captain. I learned that he had no children, but that some orphan nieces of his often spent the summer with him. One of the nieces was named Mary Fair. What had become of her, no one knew; but the store-keeper believed that she belonged in Boston.

"I dare say she is married by this time," I said.

"It's likely enough," quoth the store-keeper. "She was a real sweet-lookin' girl. Folks used to think she was goin' to marry a New York man who came here in his yacht. They were together a good deal one summer —guess it was the last summer she was here but nothin' ever growed out of it, far as I've heard."

When I told this to Tom and his wife, the former smiled sadly and the latter laughed wickedly.

"Of course, Mary did not come here again," said Mrs. Tom. "First, there was her wedding journey, and after that she must settle herself in her new house; and then the boy came, and he cut his teeth, and had the mumps, and the measles, and the whooping-cough."

We men looked our disbelief, and were unmercifully tormented in consequence.

In the September issue of a certain maga-

zine, the little story that I had written about Jack and Mary appeared. When I read it in print, I was surprised to find how good it was. Some way, I had caught the very atmosphere of Merville, and the portrait of the captain was so life-like that I began to think I must have known the original in a previous state of existence.

My John Grafton was not a sentimental molly coddle, but a proud, sensitive young man, too much in earnest in his love to be a cautious, wary suitor. I will never tell how I enjoyed reading that story, and how deeply enamored I became of the Mary I had created.

About two weeks after the story was in print, I received the following note from the editors of the magazine:

EDITORIAL OFFICE, September, 1883.

DEAR SIR—Mr. John Grafton, P. O. Box 000, New York, writes to ask the address of the author who signed himself Joseph Haydon, a contributor to the September number of our magazine. Shall we give him your name and address, or will you communicate with him yourself?

Yours truly,

THE EDITORS.

The cold drops of sweat started out on my brow. I seized a pen and at once wrote to Mr. John Grafton. I told him that my story was a fiction, but that a letter had been found in an old house in Merville, Long Island, exactly as I had described. I explained that I had made the name Grafton from the name of my friend Graff, who was the present owner of the house, formerly the property of Captain Ezra Fair. Of course, I enclosed my visiting card, and wound up with an apology for having inadvertently made use of his name.

Then I went to Merville, and there awaited the coming of Mr. Grafton. Tom and I were always expecting him, and we wondered whether he would be sheepish, indignant, reticent, or grateful. I think we both hoped that he would at least ask us to his wedding, for neither Tom nor I had any doubt that Mr. John Grafton was the "Jack" of the lost love letter, and that, thanks to my story, the misunderstanding between him and Mary would be explained anyway.

We were a little superstitious, too. We never said it, but we were convinced that the name of Grafton was suggested to me by the spirit of the sea captain's gentle wife. I slept in the same room, and every morning,

when I came to breakfast, Tom looked eager and expectant, hoping that the ghosts had been talking to me again. I shall not attempt to tell how Mrs. Tom laughed at us. She declared that we both had gone crazy over the unknown Mary Fair, and she also suggested that the house be torn down, for there were perhaps other letters and love tokens in the walls. Every time the door bell rang, she would strike a theatrical attitude, lay her finger on her lips, and say in a stage whisper:

"Hist! 'tis he—the long lost Jack!"

But it never was the long lost. Mr. Grafton neither wrote nor came; and, when autumn yielded to winter, we gave up looking either for him or a letter from him.

The next spring I went to Europe, and the month of June I spent in Venice. One day, I was standing in the doorway of the hotel Danielli, when a *banca* came from the railway station, bringing a lady and gentleman.

Their trunks were piled up in the prow, and were marked J. G., New York. The porter hastened forward, cast a knowing glance toward the trunks, and then said in the faultless English of his tribe:

"Mr. Grafton?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I wrote for rooms—"

"They are ready. This way, if you please, madam."

But madam did not heed his glib words or graceful gesture. With her hands clasped before her, she stood looking at a fast approaching gondola. Her husband smiled and touched her shoulder lightly, saying:

"Come, Mary."

She turned and slipped her hand through his arm. I heard her murmur, in a sort of ecstacy:

"Oh, Jack, Jack! to think that we are in Venice!"

#### LOVE'S SEASONS.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

IMPATIENT lovers, have you then no care  
That summer holds a month divinely fair,  
When laughing waters and gently rustling leaves  
Chime with the tune of birds and hum of bees;  
When color, light, and perfume everywhere  
Toss out their sumptuous banners on the air?  
Wait, then, for June, and pin the bridal veil  
With hyacinths and lilies sweet and pale.

And yet, O fair fanatics, such as you  
Need not June's roses nor her skies of blue;  
You paint your roses and your rainbow skies  
From the fair colors in each other's eyes.  
Who would not fling a rose despised away,  
To watch the blushes in a fond face play?  
Why wait for June to crown your marriage bliss,  
When love can work such miracle as this?

What matter, then, how wild the March winds blow?  
You make your own sweet summer as you go;  
For love, like death, has all times for her own,  
And in each month sets up her rosy throne;  
And I, worn, weary, and oppressed with care,  
The dust of travel white upon my hair,  
Would give the dreary years now left to me  
For one swift moment of your ecstacy!

## HOW AN ANCIENT PEOPLE USED TO LIVE.

BY HENRY ARLINGTON.

**A**MONG the relics of remote antiquity brought forth by recent explorations in Mesopotamia are vast numbers of tablets containing memorandums and items of unusual interest, written by private citizens of Babylonia over four thousand years ago. The information contained in them in regard to the manners, habits, and daily life of these Babylonians shows that this ancient people lived much in the same manner, were governed much in the same way, as the inhabitants of New York, London, Paris, and other great cities of to-day.

The legal precautions in the buying and selling of land, houses, cattle, and slaves were similar to those at present in vogue. For instance, when two men wished to enter into partnership, they went to church with a magistrate, and, in the presence of a priest, they entered into the holy bonds of brotherhood. They swore to be true to each other, and repeated a formula on the requirements of brotherhood. After the ceremony, the magistrate addressed the newly-made brothers, and a tablet containing an account of the matter was drawn up, signed, and sealed by nine or ten witnesses. The two partners then paid heavy fees to the temple and the magistrate. Each partner, as is usual now, became answerable for the full amount of the other's debts.

From the tablets, we obtain much information in regard to sales, exchanges, loans, leases of houses or fields, marriage settlements, wills, affidavits, judicial decisions, deeds of adoption, etc. Several of them now in the British museum contain a bit of local history that was, no doubt, written as a precedent in law. It is particularly interesting, as showing the status of women in that remote age.

“During the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, a Syrian merchant named Benhadad settled in Babylon and married a Babylonian lady, Bunanitum, who brought him as dowry three and a half *mana* of silver. Benhadad, in consideration, no doubt, of her rank and fortune, associated her with all his transactions, taking her, in fact, as a kind of

partner. They bought a house in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, and afterward borrowed, on this house, two and a half *mana*, to increase their trading capital.

“Benhadad, in order to secure his wife her dowry, took the precaution to settle on her, by a deed, the house and field which they had bought with part of it, on condition that the house and the wife's property should, after her death, go to her children.

“Their only issue was a daughter, Nupta, whom they married to Benhaddamar, giving her as dowry two *mana* and ten shekels of silver, together with the furniture for a house. At the death of Benhadad, his brother, Akabiel, took possession of the house, the furniture, and a male slave.

“Bunanitum appealed to the law, and the magistrates, after examining the documents and hearing the statements of the parties, decided that Akabiel had no claim at all to the property, and that upon clearing the mortgage on the house, by paying two and a half *mana* to the mortgagee, Bunanitum should take possession of the property.

“They decided, nevertheless, that according to the arrangement in the deed of gift made by her husband, she must settle on Nupta, her daughter, besides the three and a half *mana*, the amount of Bunanitum's dowry, her own property, and the slave, the whole of which, however, she was to retain possession of until her death.”

The Babylonians have generally been credited with giving their women a high social position, but these tablets do not quite authorize this view. Although women of rich families appear to have held property and traded, they never witnessed legal instruments. And it would seem, from the above instance of Bunanitum, that husbands secured to their wives their own dowries to secure them and their children from the avarice of more distant relatives.

Another tablet contains a husband's provision that his son is to provide food and clothing for his mother, and to minister to her requirements, as a dutiful son, under penalty of disinheritance. Single women

were often provided for by their brothers. We have the record of a case where a man bequeathed to his sister the income from a shop, in which, probably, the good lady performed no little active service during her lifetime.

When a man wished to repudiate his wife for infidelity, etc., he had to return her dowry, if she belonged to a rich family; but if she was from the lower class, he made no such restitution. In the latter case, she was put to death with a sword. Stringent provisions were made by the rich in regard to their daughters' dowry. It was always arranged in the marriage contract, that the wife's property was exclusively her own, and could not be alienated. In case the husband lost his liberty, it was provided, also, that the wife should return to her father's protection, and the marriage be null.

The Babylonian gentry were very apt to lose their liberty; for they often borrowed money on their property, their children, and, not infrequently, on themselves. It became a very awkward matter when a man could not "meet his note," especially if he had given himself as security. The money lender, the "bill shaver" of our day, would own his customer, and could either keep him or sell him as a slave.

The slave trade was reputable and prosperous in those days. The Babylonian slave breeder always had on hand human articles to suit all purchasers. He trained them as

agricultural laborers, domestics, artisans, stone masons, seal engravers, scribes, in short, to fill high, as well as low, positions. The slave owner was at great expense in apprenticing children to the different trades, but his profits were enormous when he could let them out for hire at so much a day.

It was usual to mark a slave with his owner's name on the hand. Care was taken, however, to stipulate that, in case of sale, if the person whose name was marked, or his relatives, should ever come to claim him, that the purchase money should be returned.

Kings obtained all the slaves they required by war. All the stupendous monuments and buildings, the remains of which now astonish the traveler, were built by these unfortunate captives.

Money lending was considered almost as important and respectable as slave trading. As the Babylonian farmers had to pay their heavy taxes before harvest, they were compelled to borrow money on their future crops, paying back in kind. The money lenders were also corn and grain merchants. The poor farmer had to buy seed from them when the price was highest, and sell before the harvest, when it was lowest.

A vast number of Babylonian tablets contain writings of a domestic and commercial nature, and reveal the fact that men and women four thousand years ago were very much the same, in all respects, as they are to-day.

#### A MERCILESS SLAUGHTER.

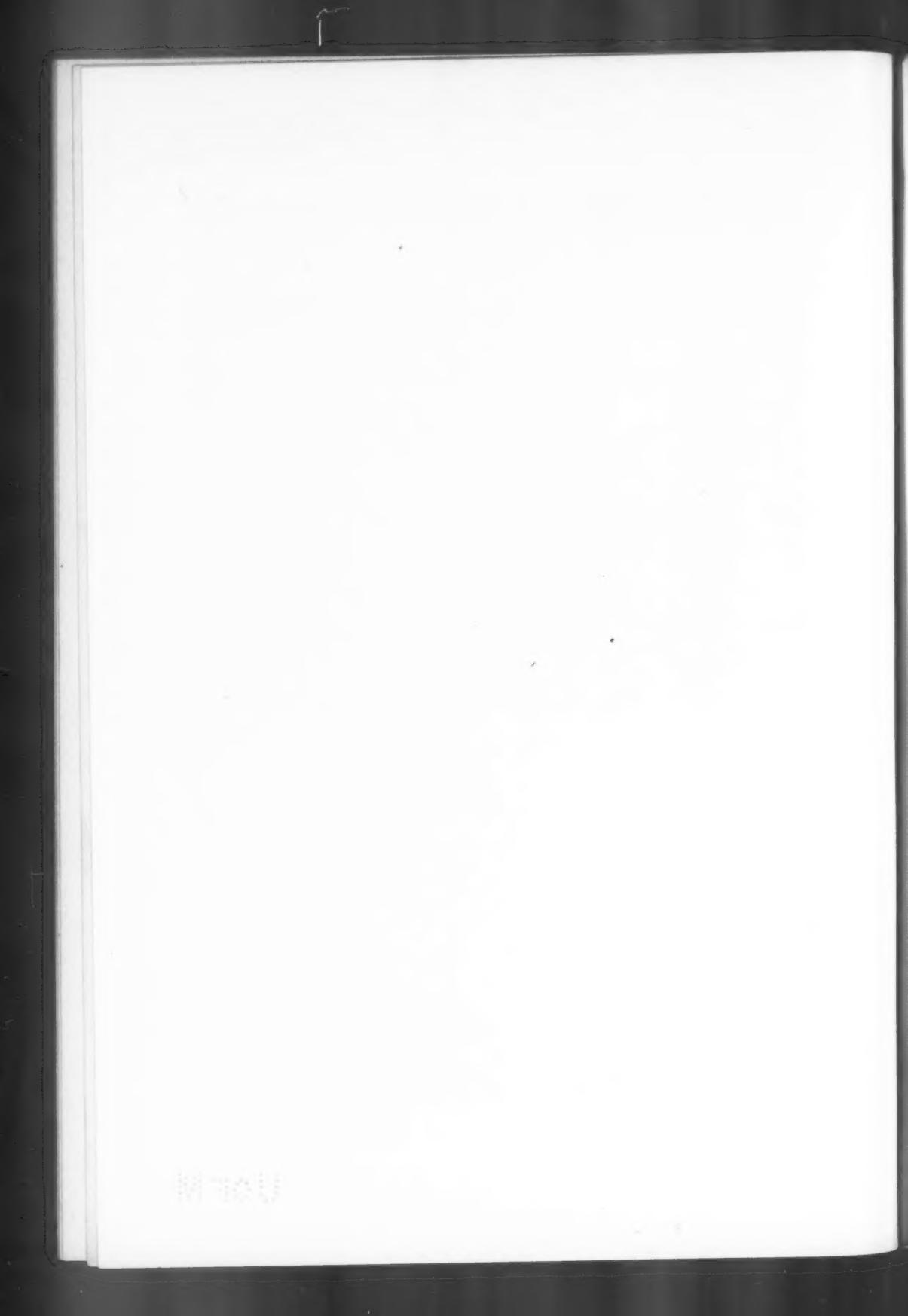
**M**R. WILLIAM BREWSTER, of the Agassiz museum, Cambridge, Mass., has been investigating the slaughter of birds by the lighthouses along the coast. Last August and September, he spent several days at Point Lepreux light-house, in New Brunswick. One night, a dense fog appeared about ten o'clock, and at midnight it began to rain. He says that, during four hours' observation, two hundred birds struck the light, and of these fifty were killed or disabled. He states that, within the belt of light surrounding the lantern, he saw swarms of birds circling, floating, soaring, advancing and retreating, unable to throw off the spell exerted on them by the light. They reminded him of moths. "When the wind

blew strongly," he says, "they circled around to leeward, breasting it in a dense throng, which drifted backward and forward, up and down, like a swarm of gnats dancing in the sunshine. . . . Often, for a minute or more, not a bird would strike. Then, as if seized by a panic, they would come against the glass so rapidly and in such numbers that the sound of their blows resembled the pattering of hail. Many struck the tin roof above the light, others the iron railing which enclosed the platform, while still others pelted me on the back, arms, and legs, and one actually became hopelessly entangled in my beard. At times, it fairly rained birds, and the platform, wet and shining, was strewn with the dead and dying."



THE TWO FAMILIES.  
After the painting of Max Weese.

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WORK OF THE FURNITURE MAKERS.

#### THE CHILDREN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

BY VIOLA ROSEBOROUGH.

WHEN, in the last week of March, of the present year, placards announcing the Children's Industrial Exhibition were placed on the walls of a handsome hall on Broadway, New York, they conveyed to the large majority of the passers-by their first information on the subject.

The Exhibition was unheralded, the organization that fostered it generally unknown, and the cause of industrial education, which it was designed to further, less understood and appreciated among the mass of people in New York than in most cities of the United States.

Nevertheless, New York, through the in-

fluence of a few individuals, that slight force which has formed the leverage of all great movements since time began, had inaugurated this demonstration of a new doctrine in which they had such faith that they trusted to a record of its fruits to win attention without puffery; a faith, it may be remarked, in itself sufficiently novel to excite curiosity. It was not misplaced.

During its week of existence, the exhibition was recognized as a most significant, as well as entertaining, display, and attention and attendance crowded upon it. The big dailies gave editorials about it, while schools, with their teachers, came from

neighboring counties and states to see it, and among the city visitors were representatives of many classes, notably the wealthy and fashionable. Its material was drawn from sixty-six different sources, including organizations scattered from Massachusetts to Illinois, and the scope of their work extended from the setting of a toy table with toy dishes to the designing of carpets and wall papers and the making of "high art" furniture.

It was a kindly chance that furnished the pretty model of a bridge for the very foreground of the scene of the exhibition, looking upon it from the entrance to the hall. Few things could in that position have been so ornamental. It was the work of pupils of the Gramercy Park school and Tool House Association, and was awarded the first of the prizes offered for mechanical working models. This left only the second honors for a little steam launch, though the launch, being the work of an individual exhibitor (a young gentleman of fourteen years, who personally displayed its powers upon the little fish pond in the hall), was even more the object of public favor and interest.

There were one hundred and thirty-nine individual exhibitors, and one or two tables, filled with "home work," gathered together and exhibited under the auspices of devoted public school teachers, who are doing what they can so to educate public opinion that tardy school boards and trustees will be forced to give manual training a place in their regular curriculum.

These exhibits were less orderly, perhaps less instructive, but certainly more entertaining and touching than any others. They included a great variety of articles, from the inevitable tidy to wrought brass work; and, while all of it was clever, much of it astonishingly so, some was sadly misguided; but even this, perhaps this especially, brought one very near in sympathy to the little struggling fingers and eager hearts that had so patiently wrought their "imitation rocks" and ambitious oil paintings.

The proportion of activity evidenced in the Exhibition, which, in any sense, could be called misguided, was phenomenally small; in future like display, it will probably be smaller; but there is a certain picturesqueness peculiar to beginnings and first efforts which, from one point of view,

compensates for their crudeness, and to have missed it here altogether would have been a loss; and, moreover, the need of the manual education which the Exhibition aimed to facilitate, was thus pointedly demonstrated.

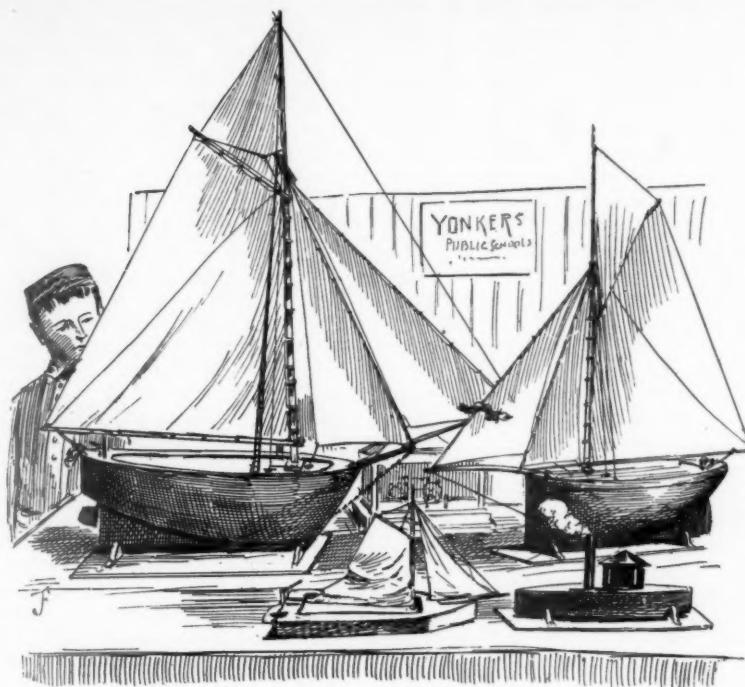
Speaking of oil paintings, among the individual exhibits was an example of well-guided and unpretentious effort in painting, which was decidedly noteworthy, as showing what good instruction can develop in this direction in young children. It was a still life study of a table, a candle-stick, and a tea-kettle, and was made by a child of ten, under the direction of a well-known New York painter, Charles N. Flagg, and was good enough, as far as it went, to be an inoffensive, even, in a degree, a gratifying object to a cultivated taste, certainly a test which very little amateur painting could hope to meet successfully.

The examples of drawings, including water-color studies, were numerous, and, in several exhibits, notably those of the Chicago and the Worcester, Mass., public schools, they were arranged to demonstrate, very clearly and comprehensively, excellent methods of teaching, methods which systematically and logically carry the child from the knowledge of form, by making forms in clay, wood, or paper, up to designing conventional decorations from natural objects.

The examples sent from these schools were selections from the regular work of the classes, and the classes are, in each case, but recently formed, and their original intentions by no means as yet fully developed; and still their fruits are astonishing and most gratifying. Evidently there is an ability in the average human hand of which we are but beginning to catch hints.

One of the favorite exhibits with the little folks was that of the kitchen gardens. These are not, as the unenlightened might suppose, places for growing vegetables, but arrangements for teaching the wee ones various housekeeping duties. They are furnished with what are but really revised and corrected editions of old and familiar toys, and kitchen gardening is but a similarly improved version of traditional "make-believe" plays.

Instead of making toy beds and setting toy dinner tables, according to their own unguided notions of these ceremonies, they



WORK OF THE YOUNG BOAT BUILDERS.

are taught to observe the details of grown people's methods and to take pride and pleasure in rivaling, in their play house-keeping, the neatness and punctiliousness of their models. To be sure, under some circumstances, the terms of this description might need to be so altered as to exclude the child's need of looking amid its own surroundings for its examples; but, in such cases, kitchen gardening may be expected by its education of well-informed young critics, to have at once a happy effect upon that larger sphere which it is always intended to benefit finally.

In looking at such work of the little ones, the first and pleasantest reflection aroused was, what a good time they must have, how they are furnished with resources, and are relieved of that dire difficulty of not knowing "what to play," which has so often brought the blight of a premature *ennui* upon helpless small mortals and bankrupted the despairing energies of their slaves and guardians!

Kindergartens are more familiarly known than these supplementary phases of training which bridge the gap between them and the regular industrial education, which is the logical culmination of the system; but such supplemental developments have now been largely systematized and manuals are prepared which are sure to be of great assistance to all in charge of young children, and invaluable to that large majority so engaged who are not born with any especial genius for their occupation.

All who have noticed kindergartens know how happy children are under the system, even when not very intelligently applied, and in all the succeeding evolutions of its central idea of development, it is the observation of the writer that the same happy fitness to universal needs overrides accidental obstacles, and makes industrial training a delight.

It takes but small knowledge of boy nature, and its general craving for tools, to enable one to see that all the excellent car-

pentering that made such a show at the Exhibition must have been the source of immeasurable satisfaction to the young carpenters, particularly so under the systems in vogue in the schools; the hours for manual exercise are in them very limited and admittance to the classes generally made a privilege to be obtained.

Decidedly the best display in the field of mechanical wood-work came in notable refutation of tradition from the Hebrew Technical Institute. A little stand, with drawers, which took a prize (it is shown in the accompanying illustration) was made by a thirteen-year-old pupil of the Institute.

Just here might be mentioned a feature of their experience which the association managing the Exhibition found most gratifying, and that was the way the organizations invited to co-operate with them ignored all differences of religion and race in doing so. In the hall were represented institutions for black and for white, for Roman Catholics, for Protestants, and, as we have seen, for Jews; for people of High Church, sectarian, Hebraic, and "liberal" tendencies.

The Children's Aid Society of New York, contributed to the display from eleven different schools and classes, and these together with other New York exhibits, showed what an effort private philanthropy is making to supplement the shortcomings of those in authority over the New York public schools.

The interesting, entertaining, and pretty things meriting attention crowd to the pen-point, and the selection of the few that can best typify and indicate the whole is a nice matter, but there can be no question of the suggestiveness of the display from the Crippled Boys' Brush Factory. It was one of the eleven exhibits mentioned as sent by the Children's Aid Society. One or more of the boys was usually near it taking a shy pleasure in the attention it attracted, and ready to give information about it. They were very proud of the fact that it took the palm among all the exhibits for the number of sales made.

Next in number of sales, and first in amount, stood the exhibit of the Woman's Institute of Technical Design.

There was no effort to make sales a feature of the Exhibition, but the management permitted, and made arrangements for, the dis-

posal of such articles as were offered for sale, and the children, as may be imagined, found the prospect of earning money "of their very own" not a little stimulating.

The Woman's Institute of Technical Design showed work from two classes, one made up of girls under fifteen, the other of those above that age, and to members of one or the other were given nearly all the prizes for which their productions could compete, including those for designs for carpets, oil cloths, wall papers, repoussé silver work, and for textile fabrics. One of the handsomest designs taking a prize was for a Brussels carpet, and was by a girl under fifteen.

When a prominent silk manufacturer bought a number of these designs at an advance on the usual market price, it was felt to be a genuine triumph; for the Institute is but beginning to obtain its due recognition.

In distributing the prizes, the juries were always, as far as possible, made up of those whose business or profession associates them with the work whose merits they were asked to decide upon. For instance, the sculptor August St. Gaudins, was on the jury awarding prizes for modeling in clay, and F. W. Cheney, the silk manufacturer, and a professional designer from W. & J. Sloan's carpet manufactory decided the destiny of the awards for designs.

Amid all these evidences of varied and, in the main, most intelligently directed activities, it was noticeable that one charming industry was represented by only one display. A New York school, the West Side, sent a number of plants grown by the pupils, and these had the field of horticulture quite to themselves; though, to be sure, there was a farm garden on a plan similar to the kitchen gardens.

It is on the time-honored principle of saving the best for the last that the specimens of handicraft from the Philadelphia public schools have not been mentioned before.

Through the influence of Mr. Charles G. Leland, Philadelphia has been the pioneer city in the industrial education movement. With the clearest convictions of the significance and importance of such a work, he began, seven years ago, to instruct a few pupils of the public schools in artistic industries. From the first, the privilege of attending his classes was so prized that, as



KITCHEN GARDENS.

the number of pupils admitted was necessarily small, it was made a reward for the highest merit only.

Mr. Leland believes thoroughly in the possibility of training all children of ordinary common sense in the industrial arts, and is prepared to show the unrivaled value of such knowledge to the child, subjectively, as well as objectively, and also to the community of which the child is a member.

His enthusiasm and devotion were spent, not only in introducing his ideas into Philadelphia practice, but in disseminating them as widely as he could throughout other communities. When he went to Europe, he left his work in the hands of Mr. J. Liberty Tadd, who has carried it on to a more successful culmination than it was even hoped to attain so soon. A year and a half ago, the school Mr. Leland founded was reorganized, enlarged in scope, and more directly identified with the public school system than it had been before, and a number of other classes in the line of his ideas has been formed under the public school management.

Of the extent of the work sent from Philadelphia, it is impossible here to give any adequate idea, but a few departments which were unique, either in method or achievement, or both, were represented by displays which were central points of interest; as, for instance, the extensive display of plain sewing that was done in large classes, under a single teacher, classes sometimes containing seventy pupils.

In wood-carving and stamped leather work, examples of both of which were embodied in the handsome chair shown in one of the illustrations, and in most of the artistic industries, the Philadelphia exhibit was superior, as, indeed, might naturally have been expected. The artistic industries formed the foundation of its system, formed the first field in which manual training, as a regular part of a general education, was attempted in this country.

That they did so, is a fact in harmony with Mr. Leland's theory of the natural method of progress in the education of the hand; that is, he thinks the artistic industries are easier and should precede the plainer and

more purely practical forms of manual activity; that embroidery is easier than plain sewing, and wood-carving than carpentering; and also that the more artistic are more educating than the less artistic industries.

In introducing manual training into schools, however, there is sure to be a large balance of opinion in favor of a predominance of the practical over the ornamental. At least, it will be so in the public schools, where it may be expected with many pupils to bear directly on the question of bread-winning. The ornamental work has, to be sure, its bread-winning power, but it can never be so universally available as that of the utilitarian, and, for purposes of mental and moral culture (for the new gospel claims moral effects for manual training), the difference between the two is only matter of slight degree. But, whatever this difference, we are sure of a great advance on the old method of making education a mere matter of words.

Emerson said, long before this dawn of reform broke upon us: "We are students of words; we are shut up in schools and college recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a *thing*. We cannot use our hands, or our legs, or our arms. In a hundred high schools and colleges this warfare against common sense goes on."

Is it not easy to argue that there is a moral significance, and sure to be a moral effect in substituting for this acquaintance with symbols a knowledge of facts; in supplementing, for instance, the definition that a cube is a body having six equal sides and six right angles (so often repeated, parrot-like, as a meaningless and arbitrary combination of words) by such familiarity with the real shapes of solid bodies as results from repeated experiences in making them? Will there not thus inevitably be begotten a respect for facts such as results only from considerable contact with their uncompromising edges, and such as we now professedly only expect after experience of life has rid the youth of that illusory vision which is the result of what we facetiously term his education? And this respect for facts, is it not really and absolutely, despite superficial usage of the phrase, the basis of morality, the root of the love of truth?

Those that profess to love truth, as, to be sure, many do without showing this humbler, less rhetorical and impressive respect for fact—is not their love such as Mazzini suggested Carlyle's admiration for silence to be, "of the Platonic sort," resulting in nothing?

The advance of the world depends upon a different sort of passion for truth. John Fiske, in a significant paragraph, says: "In a very deep sense, all human science is but the increment of the power of the eye, and all human art is the increment of the power of the hand. Vision and manifestation—these in their countless indirect and transfigured forms—are the two co-operating factors in all intellectual progress."

As a suggestive side-light on this proposition is Herbert Spencer's undeniable statement that "the industries of the world would cease were it not for that information which men begin to acquire, as they best may, after their education is said to be finished."

A movement that begins to reform the evils of the old educational methods, an exhibition that demonstrates the brilliant success of the new educational methods—what could be more rationally impressive?

Modern education, as Spencer shows, occupies itself with two ends: that of giving the child such knowledge as is expected to be immediately useful to him in the prosecution of affairs and the conduct of life; and also that of giving him knowledge which it is perfectly understood is not expected to be of immediate use to him in any external way, but the value of which is usually asserted to be in the fact that it disciplines the mind. Such knowledge has an importance which, though it be conventional, is more peculiar to itself than its power of disciplining the mind. This it owes to the fact that it is what well-bred people are expected to know, that it forms their common ground of intercourse; and that, however useless in itself, its absence creates a breach of fellowship with what we call the educated classes.

Probably not one person among hundreds who learn at school a smattering of Greek, or the alleged history of the early Egyptian rulers, or the names of the tributaries of the Danube, ever gets the slightest mental pabulum from their acquaintance with such learn-

ing—not an idea, not the enrichment of their mental kingdom by a thought; but as it is a certain patent of respectability to know, or, rather, to have once known, these things, there is undoubtedly a value in the knowledge, however intrinsically worthless to the possessor.

But it is a grave defect in the system of our education that this knowledge, whose value to most of us is fictitious and accidental, should occupy nearly all the space in our curriculums. So far as the training of the mind goes, there is little enough to show that the mind is better trained by learning what must soon be energetically forgotten to make room for the living interests of life, than in learning what feeds and serves these interests.

True, the smattering of Greek, the acquaintance with the Ptolemies, even familiarity with small Austrian and Servian streams unquestionably may serve some people, and the best that a system can do is to roughly approximate the needs of the class to which it ministers; but it is certainly possible to make a closer approximation to popular needs than is usually done, and obviously the more rapidly we can substitute in conventional standards of education the really serviceable for the merely conventionally correct, the better for those that we educate.

The friends of manual training argue that their reform is a step, a long step, in the right direction. Some recent publications have gone too far in seeming to assume that it solves the entire question and should be substituted for pretty much the entire traditional curriculum. Its wisest and most efficient friends do not claim so much for it. The conventional standards cannot, for reasons already suggested, be altered other than gradually, and manual training can never take the place of intellectual culture; but it may minister invaluable to the deepest phases of that culture, and, for its own sake, it is indispensable.

It is a question of giving such training early, directly, and generally to our youth, or of leaving them to get it as best they may after their most plastic period, and their years of preparation for life are past.

The Children's Industrial Exhibition brought together the varied and scattered forces that are engaged in establishing man-

ual training as a part of popular school education; it unified the movement, and gave it a measure of the numberless advantages of concerted action; it stimulated the spirit of friendly rivalry, while, at the same time, it aroused an *esprit de corps*; and, lastly, it astonished the friendly and confounded the doubting by its triumphant demonstration of what is already accomplished.

And to whom were these happy results due? The ladies and gentlemen composing the Industrial Association have in no way sought even the recognition of their agency in the good work; but, for its sake, a knowledge of the organization they compose should be disseminated.

This organization, the Industrial Education Association, was formed two years ago, with the object of promoting the cause of manual and industrial training. Its system of local work is elaborate and extended, and it, moreover, purposes to act as a sort of general motive power to the movement throughout the country.

In its two years of life, it has done a surprising amount of work, establishing classes, training teachers, carefully investigating methods, and stimulating remote efforts by advice and assistance. The Children's Exhibition was a crowning and striking performance that could have been accomplished only by a body that had widely established its connections and demonstrated its efficiency.

The Association was originated by a few benevolent ladies; but they soon magnanimously concluded to admit members of the other sex to their fellowship on equal terms, and it was to one of these beneficiaries of their generosity, Mr. Charles Barnard, that they owed the first suggestion of the Exhibition. Already, plans for a larger and more representative exhibition are being discussed. The next may be an international affair.

By the way, while this article is in process of preparation, comes a bit of indicative news, to the effect that Her Majesty's Irish Education Commissioners have just ordered five hundred dress-makers' charts, preparatory to the introduction of systematic instruction in dress-making in Irish schools. In their own language, the possibilities of work before the Industrial Education Association "are limited only by the funds and resources at command of the workers."

## A CASE OF PERVERTED AFFECTION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

### I.

A YOUNG man of about thirty years of age stepped slowly along one of the principal streets of the metropolis. He was of an elegant and interesting presence. He gazed absent-mindedly into the show-windows to his right, and seemed lost in thought.

"Good morning, Edmund," called a gentleman apparently ten years his senior and of compact figure, with a full black beard, who was coming towards him. "This is the first time I have seen you since your marriage, and it confirms the sad aphorism that a young husband forgets nothing more easily than his friends. Do not interrupt me, for I intend no reproaches, since I am aware of your happiness. You have married the prettiest girl in town, and I think you are too sensible not to agree with me when I say that her money is no drawback. Poverty makes no one happy, and riches do no harm, you know."

Over the handsome face of Mr. Edmund Hagen, the person addressed, flitted a weak smile.

"Doctor, I do not say that you are not right," he answered; "but money cannot do everything. I am happy, yet—"

He did not finish the sentence.

"Yet?" repeated Dr. Henry Brose, who was a physician of note. "This word betrays the fact that your happiness has some kind of unpleasant after-taste. What do you mean by this 'yet'?"

"Nothing—nothing!" said Hagen.

"This won't do," continued Brose. "I do not require a confession; but an old friend should not be cut off short in this way. Where does it pinch?"

"Nowhere—nowhere!" cried Hagen, half out of humor. "My happiness would be complete, were not the mother of my wife—"

"Aha! The mother-in-law!" broke in the doctor. "You have always described her to me as a most excellent person."

"She is all that! I consider her a paragon of a woman and mother."

"My dear Hagen, then I do not understand you."

"My wife is an angel. Every day I learn to esteem and love her more," continued Hagen. "My mother-in-law is a very excellent woman; kind, compliant, self-sacrificing. She does everything to please me, yet—"

"Again this mysterious 'yet'!" broke in the doctor. "Pray, speak intelligibly."

"I do speak intelligibly," said Hagen. "She fosters and cherishes me as her son and favorite. Every morning she prepares for me the most delicious coffee; at noon, she selects for me the most delicate tidbits; in the evening, she cuddles me like a child; she spoils me!"

"Well, that is not so terrible," said Brose, laughing.

"But she never leaves us alone together!" burst out Hagen, at last.

"That is, indeed, unpleasant."

"She means it all right; but it is very painful for me," continued Hagen. "She loves my wife distractedly, because she is her only child, and this reconciles me to the conditions again and again; but this love becomes uncomfortable, since my wife cannot separate from her mother, either. I rejoiced like a child in anticipation of our wedding trip. I had to give it up, because my wife insisted that her mother should accompany us."

"You acted very prudently," said Brose, in his dry, earnest manner.

"Yes, I was defrauded of my wedding trip, and now I am being swindled out of my honeymoon!" continued Hagen, even more passionately. "My wife cannot part from her mother, nor the mother from her child. I have often the feeling as though I were not the husband of my wife, or master in my own house!"

"Edmund, this is a bad state of affairs," said the doctor, stroking his beard with his right hand. "You are all of you suffering from too much, and, I may add, perverted,

affection. But I have an idea! How would it do to marry your mother-in-law to somebody? She is not forty yet, is well preserved, a handsome woman, and, to one who had not seen her certificate of baptism, she would appear thirty at the most."

"Are you mad?" cried Hagen.

"Why?"

"My wife is the only heir of her mother, to whom the entire property belongs. Should she marry again, we might perhaps be left with a trifling inheritance."

"You are right. Let us not get her married, then. But I would willingly be of assistance to you in this crisis of your callow marital felicity."

"You can!" said Hagen. "Visit me this evening—frequently—every evening! My mother-in-law is a refined, cultured, amiable lady. Entertain yourself with her. I am certain you will not pass the time unpleasantly. I know you like Rudesheimer. I have an excellent vintage of this brand. One, two, three bottles are at your service every evening. I will see that you have the very finest Havanas; and you will have no other duty than that of entertaining my mother-in-law, so that my wife and I can have an hour to ourselves. Are you agreed?"

"Of course!" cried the doctor, laughing.

"And you will come this evening?"

"Certainly!"

"And the following evenings, too?"

"Every evening! It is no great sacrifice."

"But you are doing me a great favor," said Hagen, while he grasped his friend's hand and pressed it warmly. You are putting to flight the only cloud that thus far has troubled my happiness."

"I will bring back your sunshine. You will be satisfied with me," answered the doctor.

"But you must not betray, by a single word, the fact that I have occasioned your coming."

"My dear Hagen, have you ever found me so weak as to gossip more than was good?"

"No, no! You are coming this evening, then, as though making a chance visit?"

"Assuredly! My way leads me past your door. I call in just to see how my old friend is getting along. Or, if you have no family physician, I will come as such."

"That will be better—do that!" cried

Hagen, joyfully. "I will present you to my mother-in-law as the most accomplished physician to be found anywhere."

"In saying that, you will say only the truth, in my opinion," answered Brose, jokingly.

"Well, *au revoir!*"

The friends parted.

## II.

EDWARD HAGEN occupied, with his young wife, her mother's villa, which stood in a magnificently laid out, park-like garden, a short distance outside the city gates. Madam Borschers, whose husband had been dead a few years only, spared no pains to create for the young couple a charming and happy home. She considered it the mission of her life to care for the happiness of the two young people; for Margaret was, to tell the truth, a mere child, and had never been accustomed to act for herself. She had not the slightest idea that through her immoderate care and love, she had become burdensome to her son-in-law.

It was evening when Edmund returned home. His wife and mother-in-law received him in the garden. Margaret ran to meet him.

"You came so late to-day!" she cried, while she wound her arms around him tenderly and looked up to him with eyes swimming in happiness.

"Not any later than usual," answered Hagen, smiling. "You know my business does not permit me to come earlier. Your impatience has probably made the time seem long."

"Children, come; the tea is ready," broke in Madam Borschers.

"Let me first take a short walk with Margaret in the garden," replied Hagen. "Besides, I do not feel the slightest hunger."

"Because you overwork yourself!" said Madam Borschers.

"No, I do not overwork myself," Hagen assured her.

"Do come!" Margaret begged, in tender tones. "Mamma is right. You must first rest. We will take a walk afterwards."

Hagen followed, although unwillingly. For a single hour alone with his wife, he would gladly have gone without his supper. He had no appetite, although his mother-in-law

had prepared for him his favorite dish. He looked impatiently at his watch, hoping that his friend would soon make his appearance and relieve him.

Brose came at last. Hagen introduced him as his dearest friend, and spoke of his qualifications as a physician and his amiability in terms overflowing with encomium.

"My dear Hagen, I fear your words of exaggerated praise will do me harm," the doctor responded, smiling. "The ladies will now expect me to display all these transcendental qualities, and inevitable disappointment will be the consequence."

"Doctor, I give my son-in-law's words the most unreserved credence, since I know he is incapable of uttering an untruth," protested Madam Borschers, and reached her hand in welcome to the physician.

They went into the garden and seated themselves under a linden tree. Hagen provided the promised wine, and gave his friend a look of gratitude.

It was for Brose no sacrifice to amuse himself in the society of his friend's mother-in-law; for she was amiable and refined, and looked so youthful and fresh, that she might well be taken for her daughter's elder sister.

Hagen listened to the conversation a short time, and then withdrew to promenade up and down slowly among the trees, arm in arm with his young wife.

How happy he felt! At last he was alone with his adored Margaret! They had been married only a very short time, and had naturally a great many things to say. The moon shone through the tree tops; the evening was still and cool.

Hagen, since his marriage, had not enjoyed a single confidential hour like this. He could have shouted aloud with joy. The time passed so quickly that it seemed only a few minutes, and he was almost frightened when he looked at his watch and became aware that he had walked up and down with his wife more than two hours. He returned to his friend immediately. It was not without some feeling of mental perturbation that he allowed his eye to rest for a moment on his mother-in-law; but she did not seem even to know how long he had been absent.

"Dr. Brose entertained me excellently," she said in a tone that instantly betrayed her cheerful and contented frame of mind.

"That I knew, else I would not have left you alone with him," answered Hagen. "Notwithstanding the fact that he is a woman-hater, and has sworn never to marry, he is a pleasant companion."

He stepped up to his friend and pressed his hand, with a glance of private intelligence. Then he brought a second bottle of wine to empty with his preserver.

As Brose at last prepared to return home, Madam Borschers invited him to repeat his visit soon.

"Doctor, you must come again to-morrow evening," Hagen broke in. "You have helped us to pass the time so agreeably that we feel impelled to ask a further sacrifice."

I hope that I shall never have to make a sacrifice with less hardship," answered Brose, laughing; and he promised to come.

Hagen accompanied him as far as the garden gate.

"You are my good angel, my dear doctor," he said, seizing his hand. "One can pass an hour in gossip with the old lady splendidly, eh? She is lively and sympathetic; in short, she is a very superior kind of woman!"

"I agree with you in everything," Brose assured him, and withdrew.

### III.

THE doctor came the next evening, and during two weeks he was almost every evening the guest of his friend. He talked with the mother-in-law while Hagen and his young wife promenaded undisturbed in the garden.

But one morning he entered his friend's place of business. Hagen sprang up, much pleased, and hastened to meet him.

"Ah, my liberator!" he cried, seizing Brose's two hands in his. "Best of friends, how kind of you to come. I wanted to look you up to-day and tell you how happy I am. You are a sorcerer, my dear fellow! What charm have you used to work such a complete change in my mother-in-law? We are now left to ourselves, not only in the evening, but often during the day as well. For hours together, my mother-in-law sits in her room, and we young people avail ourselves of the time, and amuse ourselves like children. This morning, even, she advised us

to make an excursion in the country next Sunday, and she added, regretfully, that she would be unable to accompany us. We are going out alone, doctor—alone ! All this we owe to you !"

Over the face of the doctor flitted a sly smile.

"I can tell you still more," he replied. Your mother-in-law intends to move and leave the house to you alone."

"Doctor, that would be delicious !" exclaimed Hagen. "But I cannot believe it. Where would she move to?"

"To me."

"To you?" said Hagen, astonished. "Will you rent a part of your house?"

"No, my friend," Brose answered, laughing. "Your mother-in-law is going to marry me, and, of course, will reside in my house."

Hagen involuntarily drew back a step and stared at the doctor.

"You are joking," he said.

"Assuredly not ! You described your mother-in-law to me as one of the most excellent of women, and I have found that the facts bear out your eulogy in every particular. In order to render you a service, I have asked her if she will be mine. She has answered 'yes.' You can, therefore, congratulate me as your future father-in-law !"

"No, no ! this won't do ! It must not be!" exclaimed Hagen.

"And why not ? I see nothing to hinder."

"It won't do !" repeated Hagen, who was not able to control his excitement. "It won't answer ! The estate—my wife is the only heir—she would have to share—"

"Certainly my friend, for I do not desire the whole," Brose smilingly replied. "Your mother-in-law is ready, even now, to cede half the property to your wife."

"And the other half?" burst in Hagen.

"She will keep herself !" laughed Brose.

Hagen stood silent and gnawed at his under lip with his teeth.

"You have shamefully betrayed me !" he then broke out. "You have deceived me, told me what was not true—"

"What was not true?" Brose interrupted him.

"Yes ! Have you not repeatedly told me that you would never marry?"

"Of course; but I have thought better of it. I would, in all probability, have carried out my resolution had I not had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of your mother-in-law. I have to thank you for it."

He held out his hand to his friend. Hagen turned away.

"I do not wish any thanks !" he said. "You need not trouble yourself any more, either. You need not visit any more at my house !"

"Good !" laughed Brose, whom the passion of his friend amused. "But you will not object to my visiting my *fiancée* of an evening ? Now, be reasonable, Hagen ! Your mother-in-law's estate is so large that you can live pleasantly and contentedly on half of it. You ought to rejoice at the prospect of acquiring such a splendid *father-in-law* ! Now, give me your hand."

Half hesitatingly, Hagen gave it.

"Could I have anticipated this, I would never have asked you to visit me," he said, half grumblingly and yet smiling.

"I thoroughly believe it," laughed Brose. "Now, let us remain good friends. I am also free to confess that, besides your mother-in-law, I have had much satisfaction in making the acquaintance of your wife. Do not let the brand be exhausted, and I will come often in the future to pay you a visit."

The friends separated, fully reconciled. But Hagen still needed some hours to compare notes with himself before he had accustomed himself to the thought that he, too, could learn to live on half the estate and be happy.

## MISS CLEVELAND'S LINE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

"I APPROVE of evening dress which shows neck and arms," said Miss Cleveland, in a recent letter. "I do not approve of any dress which shows the bust. Between the neck and bust there is a line always to be drawn, and it is as clear to the most frivolous society woman as to the anatomists. This line need never be passed, and a fashionable woman's low-necked evening dress need never be immodest."

Since publishing an open letter to Miss Cleveland on dress, I have received innumerable journals expressing every variety of opinion as to the *morale* and aesthetic effect of the present fashion of the ladies' evening dresses. I have been asked questions, by conscientious women from Maine to Texas, as to this true line of propriety between larynx and waist, so well understood by "society women and anatomists," but still so undefined to the ordinary mind, to those not versed in the mysteries and subtle influences of a fashionable toilet.

In spite of Miss Cleveland's assurance that it is clearly marked, to many it is still as imaginary a boundary as was Mason and Dixon's line, before the war, or the equator dividing the globe into the north and south hemispheres, or that dangerous longitude the sun is supposed to pass over in March and September.

One journal suggested that, owing to the indefinite manner in which the lady of the executive mansion had left the matter, a council should be held in the court of fashion to have this line clearly defined, and stringent measures adopted to enforce its observance, lest, like the "deceased wife's sister's bill" in the British parliament, it should be forever coming up, without any final settlement, leaving our daughters in the same state of bewilderment as they now are, as to what extent true modesty will permit them to unveil their charms in promiscuous assemblies.

As a permanent settlement of the question, and simultaneous action among leaders of *ton*, could only be secured by some indelible outline, modest and judicious mothers,

with far-reaching views as to the true interests of the race, might have their female babies artistically tattooed at a line agreed upon by a council, say, of the wives of United States senators, to be held in Washington in December, 1886.

In the meantime, let the discussion go on, that the well-digested views of the gentlemen of the press may aid these distinguished ladies in their future deliberations. If this is a question of such momentous importance in the court of St. James as to establish laws of etiquette, thus far considered irrevocable, it is not beneath the attention of those who give tone to American society, and influence the tastes and morals of the coming generation of women in this republic.

The only journal that has assumed to know the Cleveland line is the New York Sun, which, in a clear, concise, and brilliant editorial, gives an array of facts worthy of the reflection of all social philosophers. The editor, a gentleman of refined taste, extensive travels, and profound research, says:

Throughout the civilized world, the full evening dress for women falls below Miss Cleveland's line, and is expressly designed to show what she declares so emphatically cannot be revealed without outraging taste and decency—the swell of the bosom. The fashion, too, is not recent, but has prevailed in all ages, and no less in times when social morals were strict than in times when they were lax. It is true that the portraits by Sir Peter Lely, of the beauties of the court of Charles II., show that the bosom was then exposed to an extraordinary degree, as was also the case in France under the Directory: but portraits of the women of courts and times equally distinguished for dissoluteness represent the women closely covered from head to foot, and from shoulder to wrist. Marguerite, of Lorraine, famous for her beauty and her bad morals, appears in full dress costume which reveals only her face and hands, while La Belle Hamilton, the chaste beauty who escaped the breath of scandal, even in the scandalous reign of Charles II., shows her bosom almost without any covering at all.

But, while the Sun enlightens us as to the boundary intended by Miss Cleveland, it involves us in questions of social ethics, which complicate, rather than simplify, the discussion. For lack of time and space to pursue the vast field outlined by its editor,

as to the comparative moral status of ancient dames, I would simply say that if the most modest and chaste women in the past unveiled their charms more generously than those famous for their questionable morals, the fact only proves that the latter class were more intelligent as to the significance of the fashion and knowingly paid that tribute to virtue which their more chaste sisters unwittingly paid to vice.

The Hartford Times, one of the influential journals in New England, speaks out with no uncertain sound. The brilliant daughter of its editor, in her department says :

It is to be hoped there is truth in the statement that the recent newspaper agitation on the subject of low-neck dresses has had some effect in modifying this immodest fashion. The wearers of such dresses would be horrified could they once hear the low insinuations and discussions they invariably provoke among some pretended admirers. Even those truly modest young ladies who innocently and unsuspectingly wear the half-low corsage, not following the extreme of fashion, do not escape a running fire of remarks that would bring blushes to their cheeks, indignation to their hearts, and resolves never again to give the shadow of an opportunity to call forth such debasing results.

There can be no objection to a dress cut square, or in the popular V shape at the neck, when softened by lace and properly shaped. The latter is also a more becoming fashion than the low-cut waist that displays the entire neck and shoulders, no matter how handsome they may be, in a hard, bare, unsoftened outline between the face and body. Many refined ladies who wear the low corsage are under the delusion that their particular evening dress is cut modestly, having given orders to that effect. So it is, when the wearer gives her undivided attention to the way she sits, stands, leans, moves, or dances. If she deviates a hair's breadth from unceasing watchfulness, from this unbending line of shoulder and conduct throughout the evening, her "modestly cut" dress becomes instantly immodest. It does not stand the test of ease, of one graceful, natural motion of the body.

Consequently, all low-neck dresses are immodest. It is incomprehensible why that paragon of proprieties, Queen Victoria, should force this indelicate and unbecoming style upon all ladies presented at her otherwise severely virtuous court. It is equally incomprehensible why so many American ladies, modest ones too, should consent to imitate this questionable fashion.

But, in my letter to Miss Cleveland, I make no question of lines, of dresses cut square or pointed, of the comparative modesty of different styles, of what charms should be veiled or unveiled; but simply to try to prove to my countrywomen that all customs in regard to their dress, manners, and occupations are based upon the idea of their being a subject class, made to please man, and that, as in ancient times, women

were bought and sold in the matrimonial market, and required to unveil their beauties to the purchaser; so now, this hereditary tendency perpetuates the custom, although new conditions and a higher type of womanhood have given them, too, the right of choice in the matrimonial market.

My position is that women should dress, primarily, for their own comfort, health, and happiness. This might involve entire nudity at the equator, but, in the temperate zone, during the fashionable season in Washington, clothing is desirable, and, for the vital organs, indispensable. There is no good reason why women should bare their arms and shoulders at any time, and innumerable reasons why they should not. Surely, the custom does not rest on a high ideal of woman's status in the scale of being.

Speaking of the common idea that woman was made for man, and not for her own happiness and enjoyment, Frances Power Cobbe, a distinguished English writer, says: "If it be admitted that horses and cats were made, first, for their own enjoyment, and, secondly, to serve their masters, it is, to say the least, illogical to suppose that the most stupid of human females has been called into existence by the Almighty principally for man's benefit. Believing the same woman, a million of ages hence, will be a glorious spirit before the throne of God, filled with unutterable love, light, and joy, we cannot satisfactorily trace the beginning of that eternal and seraphic existence to Mr. Smith's want of a wife for a score of years here upon earth, or to the necessity Mr. Jones was under to find some one to cook his food and repair his clothes. If these ideas be absurd, then it follows that we are not arrogating too much in seeking elsewhere than in the interests of man the ultimate reason of the creation of woman."

If, then, woman was created for her own enjoyment, she can find abundant satisfaction in the contemplation of her charms *ad infinitum*, at her own fireside. What we deem most precious, such as the photographs of lovers, mementoes from dear friends, rare jewels and laces, we keep most carefully guarded in soft tissue paper and velvet-lined cases, with rare exceptions, for the eyes of the possessor alone, and how much more sacredly should those personal charms we so highly value be sheltered from the vulgar

gaze and climatic changes in these northern latitudes.

But women disclaim altogether that the fashionable unveiling is for the purpose of attracting and pleasing man. Then why not have this exhibition at luncheons and kettle-drums for ladies alone, where they can feast their eyes and discuss at length the comparative charms of one another. Moreover, gentlemen say they are not pleased, that it makes them shiver and fills them with anxiety and apprehension, to see women whom they admire and respect thus exposed, having known so many victims to that foolish fashion.

No man of refinement or common sense likes to see his wife and daughters bared to the waist for the inspection of the most casual observers. What if highly virtuous women of other ages did expose themselves, even such paragons of perfection as our own Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Adams, and Martha Washington? Are we not supposed to know more of the laws of health and morals than they did? Those ancient dames used to dress their babies in the same way, their little shoulders and arms all bare. We learn that by such exposures they were subject to croup, diphtheria, and pneumonia, and now the fashion is to cover their arms and shoulders with high-necked, long-sleeved flannels, and the mothers, made on the same general plan, and subject to like diseases, should be covered for the same reason.

Another item in the dress of our women that we must not forget is the high heel, which necessarily throws the spine out of plumb and lays the foundation for all sorts of nervous diseases. Dr. Wilson, the most distinguished homœopathic physician in London, told me that he would not take a patient who wore high heels, narrow soles, and hung the weight of her clothing on the hips, because, he said, no medicine could overcome the mechanical difficulties involved in such conditions. Aside from the question

of health, the high heels destroy the beauty of the foot.

It is said that Canova, the great Italian sculptor, chose five hundred beautiful women from whom to mould his Venus, and among them all he could not find a perfect set of toes, and from the foot of a well-formed infant he idealized the toes of his beautiful statue. Where, under the dainty little boots, with their high, pointed heels, could the true artist in our day find a fitting model to copy?

When we analyze a woman's dress as a question of health, it is truly appalling to see how completely every physical law is set at defiance. The consequence is, our homes are hospitals; wives, sisters, and daughters always complaining; whereas, if they would wear common sense shoes, light skirts, resting on the shoulders, loose waists, so that the ribs and vital organs could gradually resume their normal position, with high-necked, long-sleeved silk or flannel under-garments, one-half their complaints would be ended. Health is the normal condition of all women; pain and sorrow are the result, in all cases, of violated law, and not "divine ordination."

There is nothing more absurd than all the talk we hear of the natural weaknesses and disabilities of women. Nature makes no blunders in her laws. When people believe that it is as great a sin to violate a physical, as it is a moral, law, they will give more thought to the demands of their bodies. Then we shall be as much ashamed of headaches, dyspepsia, and rheumatism as we now are of committing perjury, theft, or forgery; then invalids will be as chary of telling their diseases as criminals now are of confessing their transgressions. What a blessed day that will be when we are not obliged to listen to the bodily ailments of friend or foe, and more blessed still, when health and happiness reign supreme in all our households."



## A CURIOUS INSTITUTION.

IN Paris, there are hundreds of floating laundries moored in the Seine. They have, from time immemorial, been an important feature in the river scenery, and also of the economic and hygienic systems of Paris. All the soiled linen of the great city is washed in the Seine.

The largest of these floating laundries is that of the "Arche Marion," and, by the Parisian washer-women, it is considered the best and most convenient. It consists of twelve houses, in two parallel lines, built upon as many enormous flat boats. They are connected with each other by gangways, and form a frontage of three hundred and fifty feet, with streets in every direction, and spaces at various points where the *dames du lavois*, or washer-women, meet to gossip, quarrel, and transact business. In the center, is a large building having a tall chimney, where are the boilers, vats, and storehouses, containing carboys of *eau de javelle*, an acid used in washing, parcels of carbonate of soda, tanks, and vast quantities of yellow and soft soaps.

Though the twelve houses are separate and distinct, they are virtually one establishment, having all the characteristics of a village. The buildings have two stories, a river floor and an upper floor. The first has shop-like windows, the upper flat being devoted to the drying of clothes. Within, there is a long corridor traversing each boat longitudinally. On either side of this corridor is a row of washing places, where the laundresses perform their labor. Twenty-four persons can be accommodated on each boat, so that the "Arche Marion" has places for 288 regular customers on its twelve boats.

These customers are divided into two classes, the professional washer-women and those women of the working classes who, for cheapness, come there once a week to do their family washing, at a charge of one cent per hour. The professionals pay only eight cents per day, and usually wash fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

The proprietors of the establishment do not supply artificial light gratis. Those who have to work at night have to pay extra for it or provide themselves with tallow dips, stuck in bottles, or they have a paper lan-

tern. The professionals work in brigades of a dozen or so, commanded by a "mistress laundress," who gets the custom, fixes the prices, etc.; and, though superintending everything, is nearly always working with her subordinates at the tub.

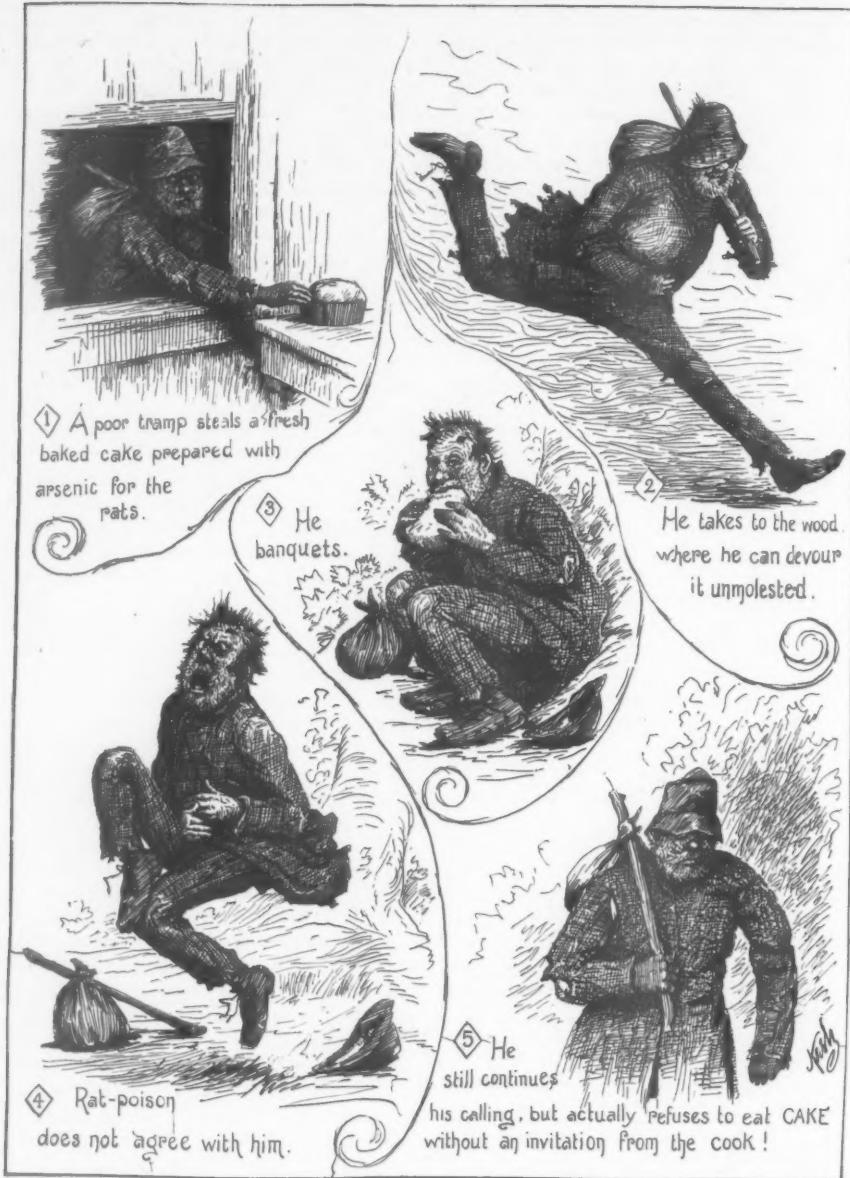
The boiling of lye is continued except Saturday. Little work is performed on Sundays, and then only by women who come to "soap" their clothes. In the evening, quantities of bundles are received by the *garçon de lavois*, or washer-boy. After the delivery of a ticket to the customer, he throws them into the vats. The next morning, after payment of the rent of the lye vat, the washer can begin to scrub.

Everything for the success of a laundry depends upon the alertness of the *garçon de lavois*. If he makes the lye and *eau de javelle* too strong, or too weak, or if the fires are not kept up regularly, or the articles come out unclean or in rags, the good name of the *maître du lavois*, or master-washer, is lost. He makes a deal of money, if he displays talent in his business, and, by conferring certain favors, he receives presents and treats from his customers.

The *cantine*, or restaurant, is farmed out at from \$120 to \$400 per annum, and the *cantinière*, or restaurant-keeper, generally makes his fortune in the business, his chief profits arising from the sale of liquids, wine, coffee, and brandy, which are taken pretty freely between meals. As the washer-women do not care to go ashore to eat in their wet petticoats and wooden shoes, they patronize the two meals furnished daily at the *cantine*.

All the petty jealousies and rivalries, class distinctions, etc., that characterize communities exist at these *bateaux lavois*, and phases of life from the "Arche Marion" have entered into dramatic literature.

The income from a laundry having one hundred washing places is \$8,000 a year, \$3,000 being clear profit. All the families of these Seine laundries are united by ties of interest and marriage, and they form what is called the fluvial world of Paris. The daughters of proprietors get as dowry a flat boat, and generally wed sons of those in the same profession.



THE TRAMP'S BREAKFAST.

By Kash Koolidge.



## THE CHERRY TREE PLAYING SNOW STORM.

BY ALFRED HASKELL.

In this June day, can it possibly be?  
Yet it's plain enough for all eyes to see  
That it's really snowing in th' cherry tree.

Flower-snow falling  
O'er the grassy lea;  
Flower petal flakes  
From a snow blossomed tree.  
Now bees in wonder,  
Bright birds in their flight,  
E'en butterflies, pause  
To view the strange sight.

How in the world could this cherry tree know,  
Eager only to bud, to blossom, and grow,  
After its spring birth out of the cold snow,  
That down from winter's cloud-lakes  
Float feathery, frozen flakes,  
In a wondrous, merry whirl, just so?

Now the baby cherries peep out to see,  
Then laugh and toss their pretty heads in glee  
At the "play snow" fun of the cherry tree.

## THE DANDELION'S PARTY.

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

A DANDELION awoke one fine morning  
and said to herself:

"It's my birthday to-day. How pleasant  
it is! I think I'll have a party."

So she wrote her little invitations on the  
neatest and greenest clover leaves she could  
find, and sent them to all the other dandelions  
and to the little white-haired chick-

weeds, and to the little birds called gold-  
finches.

She didn't have to wait many minutes  
before her guests were all before her. They  
were dressed in their very best, and laugh-  
ing and chatting. More members of the  
dandelion family were present than she  
could count. They were all dressed in yel-

low, and with very round faces. The little chick-weed sisters wore white dresses, but they were so small and said so little that hardly any but the brightest eyes would have seen them at all.

But the happiest, and prettiest, and best of all the company at the party were the five birds that belonged to the goldfinch family. They wore long, yellow vests of exactly the same color as the dandelions, and yellow stockings drawn up to meet the vests. On their wings, they wore beautiful black epaulets, and on their heads little black caps to match their wings. They did look lovely, and their little black eyes snapped with joy to think they were invited to the party.

While they were getting acquainted, they suddenly looked up and saw two little friends, hand in hand, coming to the party, that Dandelion hadn't invited to come. They generally stayed in another part of the garden by themselves, and so Dandelion hadn't thought to invite them. But here they were, asking modestly if they might come to the party. The yellow birds whispered to Dandelion and asked who the two were. Dandelion said that they were two little people from the city, and their names were "Heart's-ease" and little cousin, "Johny Jump-up." They had on little purple hoods, and looked very modest and sweet.

"But," said the yellow birds, "do they know how to sing?"

The finches were very fond of music, and didn't want anybody at the party that couldn't sing.

"No," replied Dandelion, "they can't sing; but neither can any of the dandelions, nor the chick-weeds; so you needn't be so awfully particular."

"Well," said the birds, "if they'll promise not to make fun of us when we sing, let them come in to the party."

So "Heart's-ease" and "Johny Jump-up," still taking hold of hands in timid fashion, joined the party. They behaved so well that the birds said that really they were "agreeably surprised."

Soon somebody said: "Let's have a dance."

They then listened to hear if the south wind was blowing; that was the music they loved best to dance by. Yes, the south wind was blowing, softly and sweetly; so the

flowers took hold of hands, in their dainty way, and swung back and forth on their stems in perfect time with the music of the wind; and this was their way of dancing. The birds hopped about, bowing first to one flower, and then to another; and that was their way of dancing.

After a while the south wind grew fainter and fainter, till you could hardly feel it on your cheek. Then the little guests felt tired and concluded not to dance any more.

Dandelion said to them: "We'll now take some refreshments."

They all looked pleased, and said: "Thank you; we do feel a bit hungry."

Dandelion asked the brightest and liveliest yellow bird to pass around the refreshments; and what do you think they were? They were large, white fluffy balls, full of little black seeds, that Dandelion had made herself, on purpose to please the delicate appetites of the birds. To quench the thirst of both the birds and the flowers, Dandelion obtained some sparkling dew drops, that were as clear and sweet as honey.

Although the finches pretended to be brave, they were really quite timid little fellows. Every little while, something would frighten them so that they would ask to be excused from the party for a few minutes. They would then fly off to their safe home in the tree. After they had recovered from their fright, they would come flying back as gay as ever, and the flowers would ask them if they had the "fidgets."

Once, a noisy boy came along throwing stones, and the birds were, of course, frightened, and had to get "excused." Then a dog came along and barked; and this time they had the "fidgets" dreadfully, and went without even asking to be "excused."

Soon they all came back. They thought it was time to have a little singing. But one bird said he had such a bad cold he would have to be excused.

"Oh, what a poor excuse," said all. "You must get a better one than that."

Then he said he hadn't recovered from his last fright, when the dog barked. Really, he did seem rather pale, poor fellow, and so they excused him. But the other finches ranged themselves in a quartette, and, without any book, they sang a beautiful hymn, called "The Good God Made Us All."

There were no words to the hymn, but you

could tell by the tune that they were happy because God had made such a beautiful world and such beautiful things to be in His world—people, and flowers, and birds, and animals, and waters, and the beautiful sky, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars over all.

This was what the yellow birds seemed to be singing about in their hymn. Oh, how their little throats swelled and thrilled with the melody! How their heads turned daintily from side to side, while their breasts throbbed with rapture! How their little bodies rocked on the stems of the grasses till they almost toppled over!

Just as they finished, they saw a wee shadow on the grass, and the birds were just going to have the "fidgets" again; but the dandelions told them they needn't be alarmed, as it was the shadow of their best friend, little Bessie Gray, whose father owned the pretty garden in which they were having their party. They thought she was near by and listening to their happy songs.

"Surely," said the birds, "we're not afraid of her, for she loves us too well to harm us."

"Bessie herself is humming a tune," said one dandelion; "I wonder what it is."

"Oh," said a yellow bird, "I know what it is; it's 'Palace of the King.'"

Then they began to discuss the hymns they had heard her sing, and the ones that they liked the best. Then little "Johnny Jump-up" spoke for the first time and said he liked best to hear her sing "Old Oaken Bucket," with variations.

And then they all laughed and said that wasn't a hymn; it was a song. He felt a little spunky because they laughed at the only thing he had dared to say at the party, and so he spoke up quickly:

"I didn't say it was a hymn, did I?"

Then they laughed at him more for showing his temper than they did about his mistake; and now he felt more ashamed than ever. But dear little "Heart's-ease," who always knew just what words to say to soothe him, whispered to him not to mind about it, or feel bad, as it was only a mistake. Nestling her little soft face to his, she

kissed his tears away, and he brightened up again.

Then Dandelion told the others, as a great secret, that one day, when nobody else was looking, she saw Bessie Gray laugh a little bit at her thoughts and then take a dancing step on the grass. At this, the birds and flowers all clapped their hands and said:

"Our Bessie's heart is light and full of cheer, and that makes her step light, and she dances her thanks, while we lift ours in song."

Finally, when the party had lasted a long time, the yellow birds noticed that the dandelions were all beginning to get nervous and shrug their shoulders, and pull their yellow capes up closer and closer about them. One little dandelion, especially, was very anxious.

The birds asked them what the matter was, and the dandelions said they felt as though they ought to be going home, for they thought it was going to rain.

"Oh, fie!" said the birds, "you are afraid of spoiling your pretty yellow dresses; but we're not afraid of spoiling our yellow vests."

The birds were having such an enjoyable time that they couldn't bear to go home from the party.

All at once, plump came a large rain drop right on the bill of the very yellow bird that had said he wasn't afraid of getting his vest wet. But he opened his bill and swallowed the rain drop, so the others needn't know that it had commenced to rain. But he couldn't cheat them in that way very long; soon another drop came, and another, and the flowers all covered their heads with tiny green hoods, and said good-by to the birds, and disappeared.

After the flowers had gone, it was raining so hard that the birds thought they might as well go, too; for if they couldn't have any more fun at the party, they surely didn't want to get wet. So they flew away to the thick branches of the trees, where the rain couldn't reach them, and there they talked over, in their bird language, what a fine time they had had, and wondered when they would be invited to another party.

## A GIRL'S LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

**I**N the first place, there are no front steps or door bell to a man-of-war. We hadn't even a number and a door-plate, or a gate and a front yard. And yet there was yard enough—the whole of the navy yard, shut in from the city by its massive iron gates and high yellow walls.

I used to wonder why the government was so fond of yellow paint. It isn't one of the national colors; it isn't even clean looking, and it is only lately that we have accepted it with sunflowers and ginger jars, as being "artistic." But, whether it is in fashion or out of fashion, Uncle Sam sticks to his yellow paint, and his yellow paint sticks to all the buildings and walls of the navy yard.

Were you ever in a navy yard? It is like a miniature city, with its roads and neatly kept walks. It has great blocks of buildings, too, and machine shops, store houses, stables, officers' houses, and even a little fire department of its own. But I think we children liked best the old ship-houses—enormous sheds built over ships in all stages of completion, from gaunt skeletons, with their thick live oak ribs, up to hulls that looked almost ready for launching.

Many of them were begun during the war, but will never be finished. They belong to a bygone period of naval architecture. Some time they will be broken up and the iron and copper taken out. But if the old ship-houses had been built for the purpose, they couldn't be better places to play "hide and seek" and "I spy" in. They were full of dark, mysterious corners, and the great ship in the center was such a good thing to dodge around.

There are piles of cannon balls here and there, all over the navy yard, generally neatly arranged in a pyramid, with one hundred at the bottom and one at the top. We used to try to calculate how many were in each pile, and, as the answers never came out the same, it was an endless amusement. Many of the posts are old condemned canon, the breech end driven into the ground and the muzzle aimlessly holding a ball sev-

eral sizes too big. Somehow, they always made me think of pathetic little roast pigs with apples in their mouths.

There is one little square in the navy yard where various trophies are arranged, such as models of famous ships captured, torpedo boats taken in the war, and rebel rams. We never meddled with these harmless old things, as I now know they were; but they seemed to us then very deadly and mysterious.

Then, there are the granite dry docks, which are like a ship's hospital, and nearly always some patient was having her wounds dressed and healed, and her system "toned up." Down the steps of the dry dock the gas pipes still run that were put in during the war, when, night and day, the workmen were busy building and repairing ships.

All this was our play-ground. Our home proper lay in the water quite a distance from shore. It was a very comfortable feeling at night to know that a burglar would either have to swim out to us, or bump against us in a boat, and either course put him to so much trouble that he preferred to stay away; at least, we never saw one.

Close to the ship's side, looking very like a baby in its mother's lap, was a little square boat, called the scow. It ran on a rope between the ship and the shore, taking us back and forward as often as we wanted to go. At a signal from the shore, it would come over, looking more than ever like a toddling baby in leading strings, as it lurched along on its rope.

Perhaps I ought to explain that, in the words of "Pinafore," I was "a gallant captain's daughter," and my father had been ordered to command the ship for three years. A captain's quarters on board a receiving ship are very roomy and pleasant, and he is allowed to have his family with him.

The receiving ships are old men-of-war that have done gallant duty in their day, but are, in their old age, safely anchored in port, while their younger, stronger sisters do the cruising about. Our ship had been in battle

and we could see the places in her bow where the shot had torn away her planking, and it had been repaired with new.

I used to shut my eyes sometimes and think how she must have looked in those old war days. No pretty cabins then, no flowers growing up on deck, or birds singing in the window; no, she was "stripped for action" then. The decks were cleared and the guns ready. Grim, resolute men stood by each cannon's side, and the deck was strewn with sawdust to catch the blood they knew would flow, and the brass plates in the deck, over which we walked each day with careless feet were yawning holes, through which, from the magazines below, they passed up powder and shot.

Looking up at her side from the water was almost like looking up at the wall of a house, and not a very hospitable house, either; for there was a row of little windows on either side, and the muzzle of a wicked-looking gun stuck out of each.

We went up the side on a regular stairway, and not hand over hand on a rope, as some people used to think; and, when finally on board, I think one was more impressed by the bigness and cleanliness than anything else. The broad deck was as spotless as a Dutch housekeeper's pantry, and the brass work shone as no "patent polish," except the old-fashioned one of strong arms, can make brass shine.

Here and there was a sailor in his picturesque dark blue dress. A marine paced up and down the deck, ready to escort or direct you, with all the civility of a Broadway policeman, and another one guarded the cabin door. The deck was roofed over, but with such a high, airy roof that it was more like a church than anything else, and from every one of the ports one saw the shimmer of the sea.

We had a pretty little parlor, not unlike any other, except for the low ceiling and great beams overhead, and it was quite as full of the pretty, useless little things that in some way produce the subtle atmosphere of a cozy home, as any land parlor I know of. There was a pleasant dining-room, where no smell of cooking ever came, for the very good reason that the kitchen "galley," as we called it, was three decks below.

We slept in French bedsteads, and used stationary washstands, and we could take

salt water baths in our own bath-room. Think of a salt water bath that doesn't imply a bath house and a bathing suit, a crowd of observers and the total wreck of one's crimp.

Along one side of my room ran a broad "transom," which is a kind of sofa, built into the wall. One of the windows opened directly upon it, and it was pleasant to lie there of a summer afternoon and look down the bay. Ferry boats were constantly passing, their big wheels churning the water white, and leaving a broad, rippling wake, while sailboats flitted noiselessly along, and now and then some college boatman glided by in his fragile, silent shell. The gulls were always flying about. Away down the bay were the forts; and the water constantly tapping against the side of the ship, made the most soothing of lullabies.

There were many very convenient and often amusing things about our way of life. For instance, it was funny to throw things out of one's window and not have them lodge on the sidewalk or in the front yard. The scraps and rubbish all floated out of sight instantly; but now and then we lost something that we really wanted. I remember sewing on some fancy work by the window one day, when an impish little breeze whisked my ribbon from my lap and bore it triumphantly away. I had only time to make a fruitless clutch at its wagging blue tail; for, in a moment, my four yards of new satin ribbon floated out with the tide.

"Hove overboard" became our family slang expression. It was used on all occasions when a thing turned up missing. Afterward, when we came to live on land, we all had to fight against the tendency to throw newspapers and boxes into our neighbors' gardens, the "hove overboard" instinct being strong within us.

Every morning the marines were drilled on deck, and we were never tired of watching them go through their different evolutions. Then, every week or so, we had "fire quarters," a sort of rehearsal of what would really be done should a fire break out. The hose was laid, men were stationed, and shouting enough was done to conduct the biggest kind of a conflagration.

The upper deck, in summer, was to us what piazzas are to land folks. It was always cool under the awning, and very clean, the

deck being "holy stoned," as all the decks were every week. The "holy stoning" was done early Sunday morning, and the scrubbing interfered sadly with our naps. We could have taken such long ones and still have been in time for church; for the church was on the ship, too, only one deck away.

It was a very informal little church, on the gun deck, and consisted of a few benches drawn up in line, a flag-draped stand, which answered for desk, lectern, and pulpit, and a melodeon played by my sister. The chaplain of the ship conducted the service, which was always impressive.

On either side, down the long deck, were the great guns, pointing through the open ports at the sunny bay, which flashed and sparkled, and was never for a moment still. The ceiling of this deck was very low; that is no one but an exceptionally tall man would have bumped his head; but we all bowed, as the traditional goose does in going through a barn door.

The beams overhead were quite thickly studded with iron hooks, from which the sailors' hammocks hung at night. Sometimes, in the evening, some of the sailors wanted to sing, and they would send one of their number to ask my sister if she would play for them. She was quite a little girl, with long, wavy, brown hair, and it was a pretty sight to see her at the melodeon, a ring of sailors around her, while one lantern hung overhead to a hammock hook, lighted up the scene, giving quite a Rembrandt effect.

As a rule, we saw little or nothing of the sailors. They were constantly being enlisted, trained, and detailed for other ships, which were fitting out to go to sea. Now and then, one deserted, which always caused a little ripple of excitement.

I remember one old quartermaster who was quite the pride of the ship. He was an old man, with long, perfectly white hair, and generally sat on the upper deck, with his little kit of sewing utensils beside him, mending

or making flags. He was always singing a hymn, and visitors were quite struck by his appearance, and, indeed, he looked like the ideal sailor.

But, alas! he was only a figure-head, and was seldom allowed leave of absence; for his worst enemy, a black bottle, waited for him on shore, and it was days after he had had an outing before he was able to sit up again, his saintly face beaming as he made his flags and sung his little hymns.

Sometimes salutes were fired from the battery in honor of a distinguished guest, an admiral, the secretary of the navy, or the president. We rather enjoyed that, but we were careful to see that the frailest bric-a-brac was set well back from the table, and to take down the decorated plates from the wall, for the firing jarred the whole ship.

As we grew older, we had many parties, the materials being right at hand, under the same roof. The hard, smooth decks were the best kind of ball-room floors; there were plenty of flags and bunting for trimming; there was a brass band on board, and partners galore, in the shape of the officers, whose bright uniforms always added to the picturesqueness of a dance.

But the great trouble with navy life is that it doesn't "stay put." Once in so often, some one at Washington gives the kaleidoscope a turn, and so everybody is in a different place. So, after three happy years, like little Jo, we "moved on."

It was a sad day when, with our respective shawl-straps and bundles, we left the bare, stripped cabins and went over the side for the last time and across in the little scow to the carriage that was waiting on the dock.

As we drove off, each tried to see the last of the old ship. Her flag fluttered faintly in the wind, as if she, too, felt badly at the parting and could only wave a feeble good-by; and so our halcyon days on board a man-of-war were ended.



## THE BATTLE OF BANG.

BY JAMES BROWN.

IN the town of Bang there were two large boarding schools for boys, and a rivalry sprang up between the two as to which should become the more famous for their smartness, not only as to knowledge, but as to field sports.

At base ball, polo, cricket, and foot-ball, they had many contests, but neither school could boast that it was superior to the other; for if "B" school won at one time, "C" school was sure to win the next. The consequence was, they were considered about equal.

But there was one thing that they had never done: they had never fought a battle; and this was what they proposed to do, having snowballs for weapons.

Now "B" school only numbered forty boys, while "C" school had sixty; and, as all the boys in each school were to take part in the battle, it looked very much as though "B" school would get the worst of it. The boys of "B" school, however, held a council of war for the purpose of drawing lots for the office of commander-in-chief.

The surprise and chagrin of "B" school was great when they found that the lot fell upon a quiet, modest little fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any sports at all. But he was a good student, and was ahead of them all in mathematics.

Well, the boys hoped that he would decline the post; but no, the little man rose up proudly, and said, as he had been elected commander, he would fill the position to the best of his ability, and he hoped every man would do his duty.

Having appointed two stalwart, trusty boys as captains and two as lieutenants, the little commander then explained his plan of operations to them.

Taking a slate, he drew a sketch of the field where the battle was to take place.

"And now," he said, "as the enemy has more men than we have, we must use strategy, as well as bravery."

He then outlined a little fortification of breastworks, in which, at a given signal, all

the men might take refuge, if necessary, and endeavor to hold the fort.

The date for the engagement was fixed for Wednesday, and on Tuesday evening, when it had become dark, having obtained permission from the school principal, the little commander took his forces into the field, in which there were two feet of soft snow.

In a short time, under cover of darkness, the breastworks of snow were thrown up and a citadel made within, upon which was planted the flag that was to be defended from the enemy. The capture of the flag, of course, decided the victory.

The little commander next dug a trench in front of his works, in a part where the snow had drifted very deep, and with brush and sticks he covered the top of the hole, and then placed a smooth layer of snow over them.

A large number of snowballs were made and piled in heaps within the fortification; and the next day, being a half holiday, at the appointed time, the little commander, with the "B" school army, stood in readiness to meet the foe.

Soon the enemy appeared, when commander Midget (for that was the little leader's name) went forward to the attack with great vigor, followed by his men, and the air was soon alive with flying balls of snow and the yells and cries of the combatants.

In the meantime, a party of picked boys had been left within the fort in charge of the flag, and these men kept making more snowballs and storing them for future use.

Presently, at a signal from Commander Midget, a sudden feint at retreat to the fort was made by the "B" school men, who, knowing the position of the pit, avoided it; and this was no sooner done than a large number of the enemy fell into the trap that had been set for them.

During the confusion that instantly followed, a detachment of "B" school ran forward and fired volley after volley of balls into the struggling mass of soldiers in the pit, while another detachment, charging

upon the man who carried the enemy's flag, took it from him.

Commander Midget then took up his position in the fort, and, having quantities of ready-made snowballs, was enabled to keep up such a continual fire upon the enemy that, when the school bell rang, they were glad to give up the contest and leave the ground.

Thus was fought and won the great Battle of Bang, the victory being the first, though by no means the last, of Commander Midget's great contests. He lived to span rivers with mighty bridges, and to perform engineering feats and feats of strategy in real war that have made his name famous throughout the world.

### YOUNG MOZART.

BY JOHN FRANKLIN.

ALL of my little readers have probably read of Mozart, the great German musician. If they have not, they must ask their papas or mammas about him, for he was really a very wonderful man. Everybody ought to know something about him.

It takes most people a great many years to learn to play on the piano and to write good music; and even then, after all their toil and trouble, they succeed in doing nothing but annoy their neighbors.

But little Mozart was a born musician, and he began to compose music and play when he was only five years old. Think of a little boy sitting down to a piano and playing pieces that his father thought so beautiful that they ought to be written down and preserved, to be played by other people that love music. But little Mozart did it, and his father copied whatever he played.

Mozart was quite different from most little boys in another way. When he sat down to the piano, it was not to strike the keys heedlessly for five or ten minutes, and then run away and engage in some other amusement. He became very serious and acted like a musician sixty years old. He would not allow anybody to interrupt him, or to make any noise in the room. In fact, nobody wanted to make any noise; for he played so beautifully that everybody felt like keeping quiet and listening to him.

So fond of music was he that whenever his little toys were taken from one room to another, he always had somebody play or sing a march, so that he and whoever was with him might keep time to the music.

One story is told about little Mozart that shows that he could be like other boys.

When a concert was to be held in his father's house, he asked if he might play the second violin, but his father, who knew that he had taken no lessons on this instrument, refused to let him.

At this, little Mozart burst out crying, and continued to cry until his father granted his request. He then sat down and played the second violin, and then the first violin, and did not make a single mistake. His father and all who were present were amazed at his great skill. If he had not been born with this taste for music, with this power to play without instruction and drill, he never could have done it.

There is another story about little Mozart that will interest my young readers. One day his father, on returning home, found him very busy writing on a piece of paper before him.

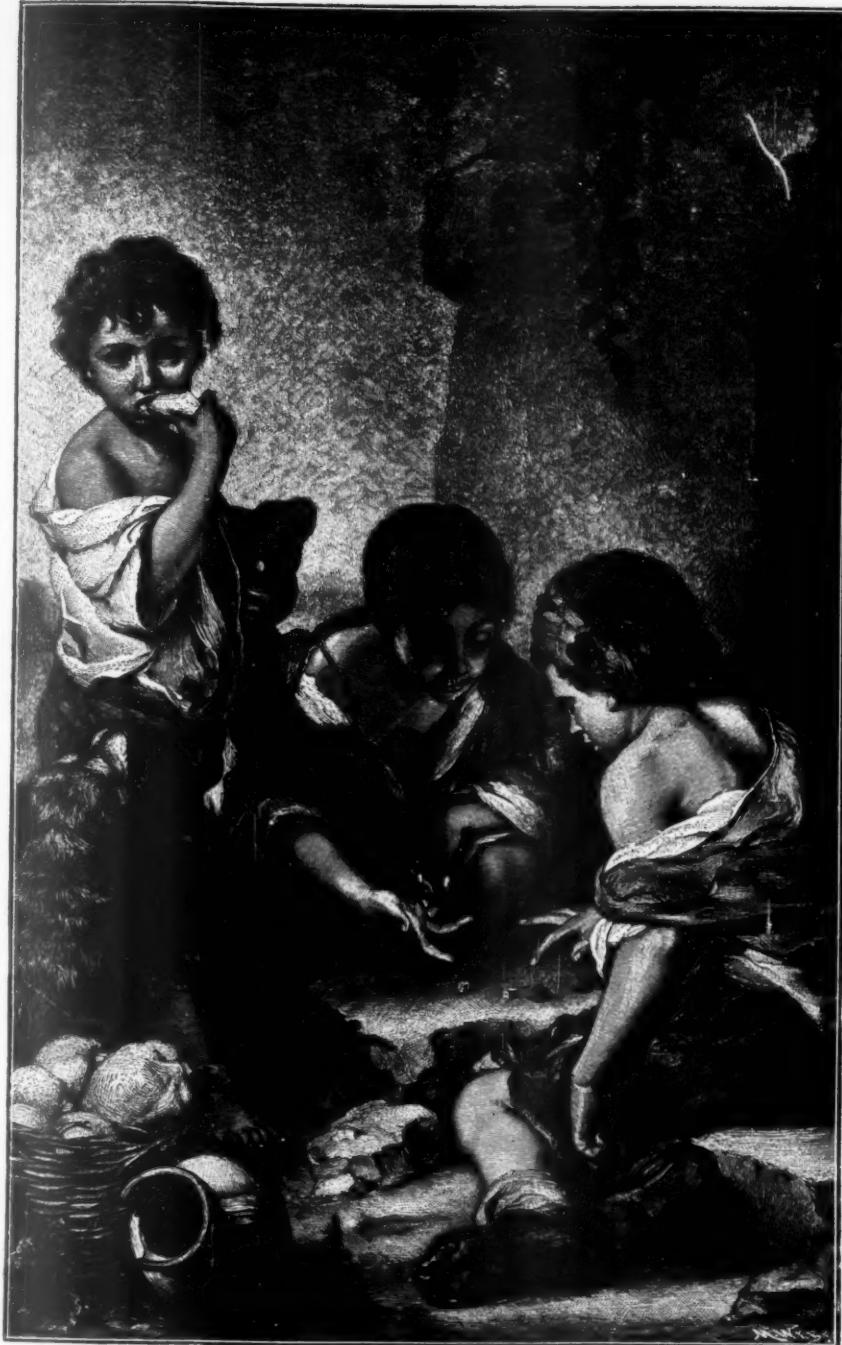
"Please, let me see it," said his father.

"No," replied little Mozart, "not now. Wait until I have finished what I am doing, and then I will show it to you."

But his father could not wait. He took the paper from the boy and found it all covered with ink spots. The boy had been so interested in writing music on it that he had thrust his pen to the bottom of the ink stand every time, and had made a very queer-looking piece of paper. The father found that the music was very difficult, and said so.

"Yes, that may be so," said the little boy; "but those who want to play it must study hard."

He then sat down to the piano and played it just as easily as he had played the second and first violins.



THE DICE PLAYERS.

After E. B. Murillo.





## THE ART OF CAKE MAKING.

BY MRS. J. A. FLEMING.

THE art of cake making depends, as all housekeepers know, upon the baking; so that the most important thing to be done in getting to work is to see that the fire is in a condition to keep an even heat in the oven during the time required for baking. This is especially to be desired for cake in which no baking powder is used, such as genuine sponge and pound cakes.

The making of sponge cake is a needless bugbear to many a young housekeeper, and there are older ones who unhesitatingly proclaim their aversion to it on account of repeated failures. A rule that never fails if accurately carried out, is, to ten eggs (a pound) allow one pound of powdered sugar, a half pound of flour, and the juice of two lemons. The old-fashioned scales, with the long, notched rod, on which the weight hangs, are the most trustworthy. In weighing the flour, the least overweight is to be guarded against, as the more moist the cake the better. Both flour and sugar should be well sifted before weighing, and again just before using.

Oblong baking tins, or the round ones with a hole in the center, are best to use. The oblong tins are made for charlotte russe, and are high at the sides, and therefore hold the heat well; and, in the round tin with a hole in the center, the heat is more evenly distributed. Two tins will be required for this rule, which, by the way, should never be divided. They should be smoothly buttered, and an unbuttered paper, cut exactly the size of the pan, laid in.

The juice of the lemon should be strained into a cup, ready for use, and the grated rind of one added, if desired. The eggs should be fresh, although new-laid eggs are not

necessary. They should be separated, the yolks put into the mixing bowl with the sugar, and beaten together until very light, with a wooden spoon or the hand. Fifteen minutes' beating should be sufficient. Then the whites should be beaten to a stiff froth and added to the yolks and sugar, and all beaten together until frothy and light.

While this last beating is going on, the lemon should be added, and, last of all, the flour, which should be gently and thoroughly stirred in, never beaten, and never stirred any longer than is necessary to mix it with the eggs and sugar. On this one matter of adding the flour judiciously, much depends, and many a failure has undoubtedly been the result. The oven should at first be moderate, then quickened a little, and then reduced to the first temperature.

Sponge cake is easily burned, so that, in quickening the oven, much care is necessary. A moderate or slow oven during the baking, gives the cake the sugary crust, that is very much liked by some persons, and produces the "sticky sponge cake," that is particularly good with ice cream.

It is better, in making this cake, that two persons should work together, one beating the whites, while the other beats the yolks and sugar, so that they can be put together without delay. There are various other rules for so-called sponge cake, where yeast, powder, and soda are introduced; but they are more or less dry and tasteless, and are only to be tolerated in the layer cakes or rolled jelly cake.

The use of large quantities of baking powder in cake cannot be too greatly deprecated. It is, to begin with, unwholesome, which ought to be reason enough. More-

over, if there is an overuse, the cake is too porous and shows a lack of care in mixing; then, too, if it is well sifted through and through the flour, it is unnecessary to use it in quantities. The temptation to put in a little more than the law allows, in order to insure a light cake, is indulged in by many housekeepers, and, among servants, it is one of the commonest of habits. It is better to use the self-raising flour than to plunge too deeply into the baking powder can.

All cake should be allowed to stand a few moments in the baking tins to cool, before being taken out of them, and then placed on an even surface to cool further. Angel cake should cool with the tin turned upside down, as the cake is thus loosened from the tin by degrees, no grease being used on the tin before baking.

Pound cake requires a perfectly even oven. It is a difficult cake to make, and, on that account, as well as its extreme richness, is almost an obsolete thing. Still, there are many old housekeepers who think it the only kind of cake to offer with a glass of sherry.

Almost any sponge cake recipe will do for orange cake, the seasoning being the grated rind and the juice of half an orange, to be baked in jelly tins. Any ordinary icing, seasoned with the juice and pulp of two oranges and spread between the layers and on top, with a grouping of several quarters, crystalized or otherwise, complete a delicious and very attractive-looking cake. The Messina oranges, being tart, are not only the best, but the most economical to use.

#### DRAPERIES IN OUR HOMES.

BY JANE CAMPBELL.

**H**OW much is added to the simplest surroundings by draperies! With the pretty Mikado hangings, at ten cents a yard, that may be attached to poles that can be bought for twenty-seven cents each, who is there that needs be without curtains?

A flat of six or seven rooms that was recently fitted up in the city of New York by a young girl artist, as a home for herself and brothers, attracted the attention and admiration of many persons of wealth and culture, on account of the ingenuity she had displayed in the hangings. With the most limited resources, she managed to arrange such a perfect combination of colors in inexpensive materials, such as silesia and satineen, as to make several rooms that opened into each other a bewildering vista of loveliness.

A marble mantel has a warmer appearance from being decorated by a lambrequin or scarf. If the former, the valance should not fall more than twelve or sixteen inches, and a wooden shelf should be covered with the same material. Silk, velvet, velveteen, or felt are all effective. The narrow tassel fringe forms a good finish, and in embroidery, appliqué work of velvet, or velveteen, or felt, a rich appearance. For this the conventional designs are the best.

A mantel shelf, covered in silk, with a valance, over which there is a fall of lace the same width is beautiful, if the lace be costly, and the appointments of the parlor in keeping. Scarfs of silk or velours may be finished at the ends with lace. A showy and inexpensive lambrequin is made by sewing common small brass curtain rings close together in pyramids, or squares on dark red, or olive felt, and finishing the edge with a fringe formed by tying macramé cord in the several lower rows of rings. A wooden mantel, unless it be a painted one, is much disfigured by either lambrequins or scarf.

Portieres have proved to be a boon to many a household. They can, with graceful effect, curtain off the obstinate end of a hall, and are very useful in flats, or where quarters are circumscribed. Besides, they furnish more than is easily realized, except by their absence. There is a real elegance and refinement about even the simplest of them. It is so much more convenient to draw a portiere than it is to close a door, in case a little privacy is desired.

They can be made of almost any material that comes for furnishing, and should, with few exceptions, always be hung under the casings of doors. Plain material, with a

frieze at the top and a dado below, is perhaps the most desirable. The frieze and dado may be made of figured goods, or, better yet, embroidered. Striped hangings are seen very little now; and, as they are ugly, it is not to be regretted.

The days of the spotless purity of lace and muslin at our windows have long since passed, and nothing purely white is to be seen. Creamy muslin and creamy lace have taken their places, and the only remedy for housekeepers who are the unfortunate owners of dead white curtains is to dip them in a boilerful of a weak solution of coffee, which sometimes produces the desired tint. However much housewives, in times past, may have prided themselves upon finely laun-

dried curtains, it goes for nothing now, since creamy tints are more acceptable to the modern aesthetic vision.

The ship chandlers and junk dealers on South and West streets, in New York city, have nautical appliances, among them the hanks that are used on ships to fasten back the hoisted sail, that afford something new in the way of curtain rings. They are made by hand, of wood, and notched like common barrel hoops, then steamed and bent, so that the notches fit in each other, and the overlapping end stands out from the ring. Small screw eyes may be inserted in the wood on either side, from which the curtain is hung, and an exceedingly pretty effect produced.

### THE PRETTY THINGS TO BE WORN.

BY MRS. HELEN HOOKER.

**A**S many cotton dresses are made at home, while the more elaborate gowns of cloth, silk and wool are put into the hands of tailor and modiste, a few hints about making them may not be amiss.

The skirts of cotton gowns are cut two yards and a half wide. They are made with deep facing, and bound with cotton braid, the color of the dress. The lower edge of the skirt is finished with one or two narrow pleatings or ruffles. If ruffles are used for the foot trimming, they should be made scant; if pleatings, they should be made quite full.

The draperies for such a dress should be long and made in simple fashion. For the front drapery, take one long breadth (if the material is wide), hem it neatly, and drape on to the front of the skirt, as an apron. Lay three or four pleats on each side of the apron and fasten them to the under petticoat by buttons and loops. For the back drapery, take two breadths and sew them to the belt. Drape them, and then fasten the loopings in by means of tapes.

Made in this way, a dress is much easier to laundry than when the draperies are firmly sewed to the foundation skirt.

Kilt skirts are also worn, in gingham, chambray, and sateen dresses. A favorite way of making the waists of such dresses is

either in a gathered basque or a Norfolk jacket.

To make a gathered basque, cut the front of the waist three inches wider than the paper pattern. Gather the extra fullness at the neck, the waist line and the bottom of the basque. The back of the basque is fitted smoothly, ending in several pleats. The basque should be longer in front and back than on the sides. Finish the edge of the basque with a bias piping. Add to the waist a high standing collar and coat sleeves. Fasten with small, ball-shaped pearl buttons.

More dressy basques are made by adding revers of embroidery, and embroidered collars and cuffs, and an apron of all-over embroidery, or cotton lace, either in white or in a color to match the dress.

Muslin dresses have round waists, made of lengthwise tucks and lines of insertion, or surplice waists. The waists of dresses that are transparent should (if not white) be lined with the same material as the dress. The skirts are double, and it is only by lining the waist that it can be made to look the same color as the rest of the dress.

Sateens are made as elaborately as silks, with whalebones in the waists, steels in the skirts and intricate draperies. Some of the prettiest sateens are made into French polo-

naise, or dressy basques and overskirts to be worn over skirts of surah or foulard silk for afternoon toilets. Figaro jackets, opening over blouse fronts of shirred or pleated, sateen or surah, pointed bodices, with long, full overskirts, and even velvet vests and skirts revers, are some of the more elaborate styles displayed.

A beautiful white dress may be made of embroidered muslin, either in striped lace (which is the newest fashion), or in flowered embroidery. The waist, made of lengthwise strips of muslin and insertion, should have a low, V-shaped lining, and be made in a Russian jacket, with closely fitting postilion back. The front of the waist should be cut away to show a full gathered vest of embroidered gauze, silk, muslin, or surah. Sometimes the embroidery forms a short basque in the back, with a long polonaise front; then the back of the basque falls over long, plain breadths of fine muslin.

Fine nainsook dresses should have a petticoat of the same material, made the exact length of the dress. The dress skirt itself should be finished by narrow pleatings of lace or tucked pleatings of muslin. An apron made of the muslin and edged with lace may be fastened at the sides, where it is draped by graceful bows of creamy white morié or satin ribbon. A dog collar of the same ribbon at the throat adds a pretty touch to a white toilet. Many young ladies like the full plain back for dressy muslin robes; but if drapery is desired, a very graceful one is made by using a long, wide sash of the muslin, finished at the ends with tucks and lace or embroidery.

Any of the above styles are pretty for graduating dresses. The lace used for trimming them should be oriental or Valenciennes. A charming graduating dress is made of Valenciennes net, over a white sateen slip. This lace may also be found in flouncing width, forty inches wide, and in narrow trimming laces to match.

Black lace dresses, which are just as fashionable as ever, are made over colored slips, mauve, rose color, pearl gray, and straw color. The first choice is given by women of the best taste to slips of black surah. Frequently an old dress of silk or satin may serve as the foundation for such a dress. In such case, from five to eight yards of the piece lace will be required, the quantity

depending somewhat on the condition of the lining used.

Time was when elderly people wore quaker gray or black, almost exclusively. The prevalent taste for color has changed all that, and now the mother, and even grandmothers, wear the same colors as the maiden. All of the dark shades of brown, moss green, plum color, and blue are worn by them for street dresses. For house and morning gowns, they wear cream white, cardinal, garnet, blue, and lavender. For elaborate, stately gowns, golden and seal brown, pansy purple, black and exquisite combinations of black and white find most favor. These gowns are made with train. The material used is velvet, Bengaline, gros grain, or satin.

Perhaps the most serviceable of these dresses is a black velvet or gros grain silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace and jet ornaments, or with a set of real lace in white. Such a dress may be made walking length, with a plain, full back. A separate train can then be added when desired. Such a train can be hooked on at the belt under the basque, and hooked down each side of the skirt. A skirt that is much liked by women inclined to be stout has the front laid in three or five wide box pleats, separated by rows of passementerie or braid, and very long, straight drapery in the back.

A pretty afternoon and church dress is made of fine cashmere, combined with watered silk. Make a plain under-petticoat of the silk and a long polonaise of the cashmere. Make the collar and cuffs of the watered silk, and drape the polonaise very high on the left side and a very little on the right. Make part of the back drapery of silk.

Simple house dresses are made with a round basque and full skirt of serge or veiling. China silks with a small figure, and a good quality of summer silk in a pin-head check and trimmed with velvet ribbon with a feathered edge, make lovely, cool church dresses for elderly women.

The new parasols are large and cast as much shade as sun umbrellas. The fabrics used for them are brocaded, plain, and striped satin. They are either plain or finished at the edge by a frill of lace or a fringe of narrow loops of ribbon. Some of the parasols for carriage use have the sides decorated with

embroidery, or have white, écrù, and black lace covers. Sateen parasols also reappear, and are pretty and inexpensive. The handles of parasols are of natural carved and ebonized wood.

White petticoats are very little worn, except for the house and under very thin white dresses. With dark dresses, black or dark skirts are worn. These skirts are of farmers' satin, or cheap quality of black surah, and finished with a narrow pleating. Lighter colored skirts are made of gray and cream moreen or serge. Boots and shoes have broad, low heels, and the toes less pointed than last season.

Beautiful hose are displayed in dove gray, dark blue, and black grounds, with tiny blocks of white, cardinal, and gold across the instep. These are to be worn with low shoes, as are also the silk hose with the instep of lace or embroidery. Plain black lisle thread hose remain the most popular for every-day wear, with women and children.

Gloves need not necessarily match the costume, though they should harmonize with it. It is said that pearl, dove, and all the tints of gray will be much worn this summer. The safest way is to buy the demi shades of tan and gray, as they can be worn with any color. For evening, pale écrù, lavender, and pearl are first choice. Gloves

of good make now come in short-fingered, medium, and long-fingered lengths.

The collars of dress waists are worn so high that only the very narrowest of lines of white appears above them. Often this is omitted, and the throat of the dress is finished with a very high jetted dog collar fastened at the side with a bow, or several hooks and eyes. Ruchings or collars are, however, much more becoming and ladylike than simply the dress collar. Ruchings may be found in every color and style; orange, pink, blue, and scarlet lisso, and canvas folds in as great a variety.

With the round waists, so much worn in all materials, are worn belts of beaded galloon fastened in front, with a handsome buckle sewed to the edges of the galloon. If the galloon is not strong enough to stand any wear, fasten the galloon to a silk belt.

Sleeves and petticoat of plush or velvet, with the corsage and overdress of fine wool, are coming into fashion again. It is also said that this is the last season of the draped skirt, and that, ere another winter, clinging, perfectly flat dresses will be worn. Already the pouf is considerably diminished in size. Many dresses are not draped at all, but fall in plain, straight folds.

A hood, lined with silk, is added to many of the jackets and little scarf mantles worn with wool dresses for church and street.

#### LEAVES FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTE-BOOK.

**I**GNORANCE, as well as necessity, sometimes invents, or causes to be invented. A new girl, a stranger to this country, not knowing the difference between jelly and spiced currants, used the latter in layer cake. The result was unexpected and delicious, and hereafter the quantity of spiced fruit usually put up will be increased, with regard to the requirements of layer cake.

The woman who has a small round or square-topped table with good-looking legs can convert it into a thing of beauty, by covering the top with velvet, plush, or satin, and then, for a lambrequin, tack ribbons of various colors, but of the same width. The ribbons may vary in length, if one chooses to make them, allowing, say, every third ribbon to be a little longer than the ones

each side of it. The ends of ribbon may be notched or slanted, according to the taste of the owner. A very pretty way is to attach a gilt crescent or star to a point of the ribbon made by turning back the two edges and catching them with invisible stitches.

Since the taste for crazy patch work does not seem to decline, I must make a note of a quilt I saw recently. It is of unusual elegance. Every plain block had something embroidered upon it. The border is of black velvet a quarter of a yard wide. At the top, and extending over the corner, is a spray of roses, and buds, and leaves, in chenille and ribbon embroidery. A pillow, large and square, and bordered in the same way, is very handsome.

## THE DAILY ATTIRE OF THE WIFE.

BY JULIA THOMAS.

THAT a husband of long standing cares a great deal about the daily attire of his wife, found an illustration that is both striking and funny, in that queer romance of the law, the Tichborne trial. Roger's father, writing to the father of his wife, says: "You would bless yourself if you were to see the figure Henrietta makes of herself in the morning, generally till between two and three o'clock. It consists of an old plaid dressing gown, extremely dirty and with several holes burnt in it. In this disgusting costume, she came to breakfast one morning when my brother Robert was with me. She does not often wear the gowns you had the kindness to give her, her favorite dress being an old red gown not remarkably clean, which is my aversion." This, with other annoyances, combined to make him feel it impossible to live with her.

There are some fashions so sensible and so indicative of refinement and right feeling that no one can help approving of them. Such a fashion is that one now popular, of making dresses especially dainty and becoming for home wear. To find the mis-

tress of the house arrayed in one of these pretty gowns (it is by no means essential that they be expensive), stands for a good deal more than the single fact that she is in the fashion; it presupposes a well ordered house, cleanliness, which means health and happiness, and a laudable desire to be admired by her husband and children.

The effect upon manners alone is worth far more than the cost of the dress. Every mother who reads this knows what sincere pleasure lights up the face of her child when she is in her best attire.

"Mamma," said a little boy between two and three years old, as they were starting out for a walk, "put on your other bonnet, the booful one."

He sat down on the door-step, while she stood debating in her mind whether any principle of good discipline would be infringed by so doing. She came to the wise conclusion that there would not, and was rewarded by the loving child, who put his little hand into hers and said, "oo dear mamma," and trudged contentedly along by her side wherever she led.

## HOME DUTIES FIRST.

BY MRS. EMMA J. BABCOCK.

A WOMAN gifted with literary taste and with facility of expression, one who saw a good deal in common things and who was ambitious to be an ideal wife and mother, a perfect housekeeper, and to give a due share of her time to the church and society in general, went to sleep the other night, after a day of varied employments, her last waking thought being one of dissatisfaction; she was so tired, and yet she had accomplished so little.

The law of compensation which never fails of execution came to her aid. She dreamed. In the somewhere or nowhere of dreams, she stood side by side with George Eliot. Their shoulders touched, though the great novelist's head seemed far higher than her own.

"Oh, George Eliot," sighed the tired little mother, "I am ashamed to stand beside you; you have done so much, and I so little. Why, all that I have done is not equal to the work upon 'Romola' alone."

George Eliot turned her deep, searching, kind eyes upon her and said:

"And all I have done is not equal to the loving care given to her home and children by many a humble-hearted mother. The wakeful nights spent by her listening to the troubled breathing, feeling the fevered flesh of a sick child, the days given to household duties, the family sewing—do not all these demand a skill and patience unknown to me? Have you not read in my life how, when our boys, the Lewes, came home, I could do no writing, but we gave up our time

to them? Let no happy wife and mother envy me; but, with all her genius, if she have it, give herself first and nobly to her home, with its ever widening interests."

The inspiration gained from this vision of the night helped this mother, whose case is no exceptional one. Like many others, she constantly measured herself to her own discouragement, by an impossible standard. Nothing but the feverish unrest in the air around her could have suggested the accomplishment of the many aims she had in mind.

If a woman with the intellect of George Eliot could not write with ease while the pen of Mr. Lewes scratched on paper in the next room, how could one less gifted hope to write well with her boy of three playing beside her chair, singing not unmusically, "Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick," accompanying himself with a hair brush drawn over his arm for a violin, or interrupted occasionally to be told the story of "Blue Beard," which she had already told until she wished that Fatima's head, also, lay in the blue room on the floor. Or, perhaps more disturbing still, came a haunting sense of a lamentable lack of pantaloons for the elder boy, whose capacity

for wearing them out far exceeded her own for making them; or a startled feeling that dinner was behind time, or that the steak was scorching; or a consciousness deep in her heart that nothing could possibly be of more account than the frictionless running of her domestic wheels.

She was especially disturbed by the mistaken notion, fast gaining ground, that unless a woman does something far outside of home, she is a failure. But since, in this life, at least, the children must be fed and clothed, is it not advisable for mothers to rejoice over a well-made garment, with smooth button holes, as well as over the well-written article. If both cannot be the outcome of her life, let the poem remain without other expression than the well-fitting pantaloons or jacket; let these voice the sentiments of the mother.

But are not spirits finely touched to fine issues alone? Accept this as true and call the fine issues, the exigencies of every-day life—the duties that lie at the foundation of all true living. Much of the vital work of the world must be done as the root does its work, silently, out of sight. But, without it, no branch, or leaf, or flower would be possible.

#### A PLEA FOR THE UNINTERESTING BOY.

BY LUCY LAYTON.

TWO young mothers were one day following with their eyes the movements of a little girl three years old. "What an interesting age," said the mother of the little girl; "but how some children outgrow it. My boys now are just as uninteresting as they can be." The other mother heard this statement with surprise, and looked with more than common interest ever after at the two little boys that had ceased to be interesting to their mother.

There is no doubt that many people of both sexes agree with the speaker, and pass by the boy of eight or twelve, or of an age ranging between these figures, with an indifference that is not only peculiar and pathetic, but is hard to understand.

Suggestive as may be the interchange of thought between our babes and ourselves, fascinating as it is to watch the gradual

development of intellect, and to get answers to the questions, "What are your thoughts, my baby? What in the world of sense has most impressed you? Are you like papa, like mamma, or like some one else?" These same questions asked of the intelligent boy of ten will receive answers that are full of enlightenment, and that will induce thought. To be content with observation of infancy and of early childhood alone, is to be satisfied with the well-sounding title of a book, and to give no heed to the wisdom of its pages.

Gentleness and patience are qualities greatly needed by the mother of a boy. She might be helped by the politeness and good examples of others, but often she is called to sympathize with her son on account of affronts offered to him by his superiors. It is no uncommon experience for a boy that

goes on an errand, and will make his wants known and pay his money quite as readily as his father would, to be met in store or office with a salutation that chills the marrow in his bones, if he is a timid boy, not well padded with flesh. "Here, boy, get out of here! What do you want, anyhow?" are brutal words, and ought never to be used.

Many a boy often exhibits in his daily life many qualities that ought not to be measured by the same high standard by which grown-up virtues are measured. Awkwardness and noise are to be expected—noise, because a healthy boy cannot live without it; a boy that is growing so fast that his hands and feet seem larger at dinner than they were at breakfast, cannot be expected to handle knife and fork with grace, and the lengthening feet may hit against a chair or table legs without conscious sin.

There are weighty questions surging up in these undeveloped brains. A question asked of a mother at bed time, the tender hour that a true mother will court as a bit of life

well lived, if spent with her children, will sometimes reveal a startling clearness and depth of thought. Such a question should be answered seriously and sincerely. "Mamma," said one of these boys, ten years old, to the mother of whom he dare ask any question, "mamma, I often ask myself what are we living for, anyway? Does God keep us for pets, as we keep cats and dogs, or does he like to see fighting going on, as boys do sometimes?" On another occasion, after hearing some conversation in regard to church debt and those who had no voice in contracting it being obliged to help pay, the boy said, "Mamma, I think it is wrong for a church to get into debt; it is like firing off a gun on some people you don't know anything about."

To say that a boy like this (and he is not an exceptional boy) is not interesting, that he is not capable of appreciating gentle treatment, is to say, with the calm air that ignorance blissfully assumes, that black and white are exactly the same.

#### BOYS' WEAR.

BY MRS. KATE JENNINGS.

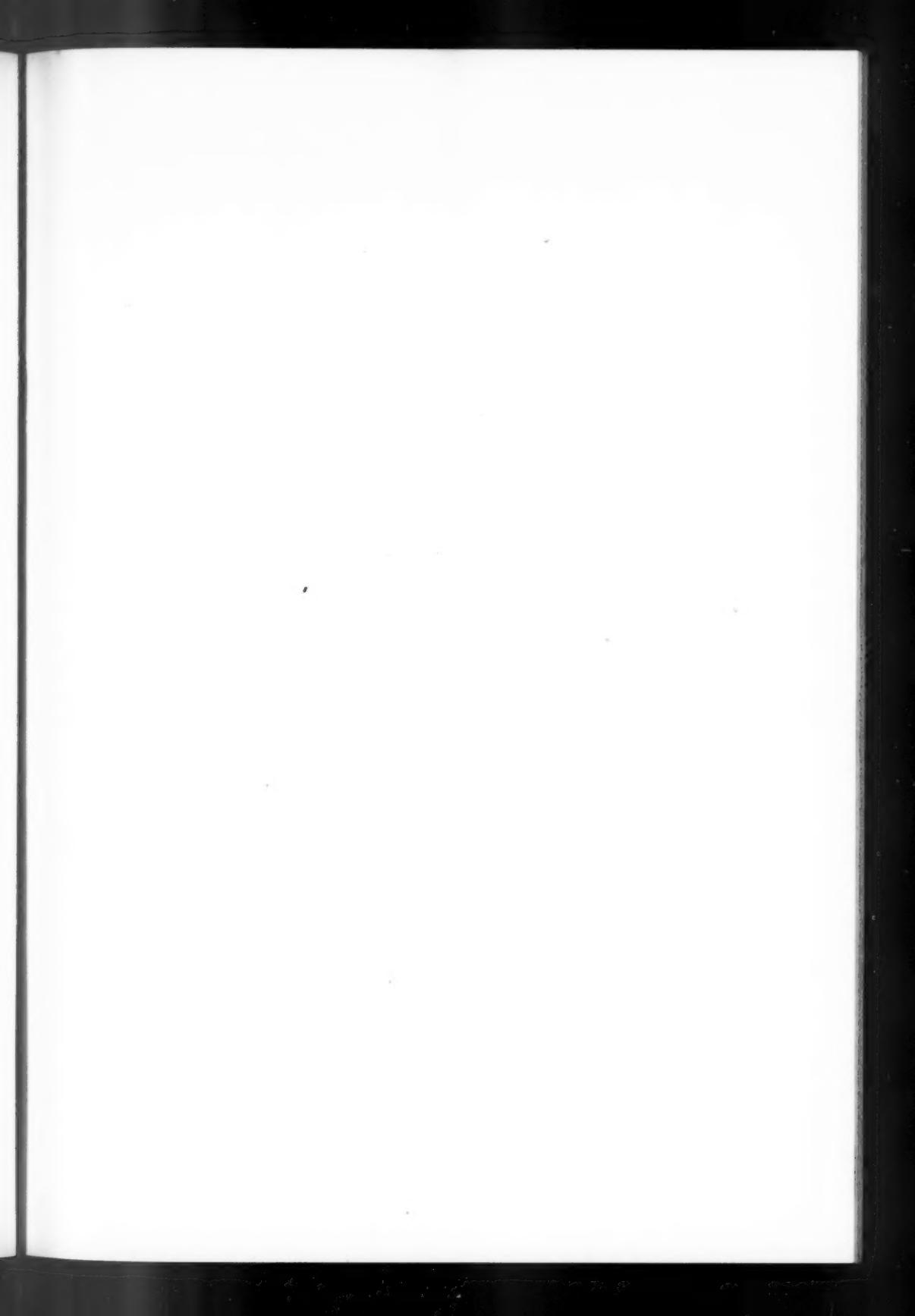
MANY mothers keep their boys in white muslin slips, made with yokes (like those worn by little girls), until they are two, and even three, years old. This dress is so pretty and baby-like that they defer clothing their children in ugly male attire as long as possible. Boys from three to four and six years old wear sailor suits, made in one piece. Blue or white flannel, white piqué, linen, and ginghams are made in this fashion. The waist, in many of these suits, is pleated in two or three box pleats in front and one wide pleat in the middle of the back. The skirt is kilt pleated.

Piqué dresses are sometimes made with a yoke and three or five box pleats the entire length, on the back and front. The belt worn with this dress is trimmed with Hamburg, as are also the wide sailor collar and deep cuffs. More dressy suits for boys have over the blouse of nainsook a short jacket, and a kilt skirt of dark green, blue or red.

The little jacket should reach only to the waist line, and in front should show the drooping blouse below it. Slope it open

from the waist down. Make the back in a single piece, and slit it open two and one-half inches up the under arm seam, and finish it with a cord or some simple pattern of braiding. The collar of the blouse should be made wide and turned over the top of the jacket. The skirt may also be made more dressy by placing some braid on the front pleat of the kilt, to match that on the jacket.

Coats for boys are made of dark blue and bright scarlet cloth, and of corduroy. A small turban with straw rim and cloth crown, or a polo cap of the same material as the dress, will be worn with these coats. Boys of seven and eight wear suits consisting of kilt skirt sewed to a silesia waist, and over it a long jacket, ending just below the hips. A Norfolk jacket with wide belt, is also frequently worn over a kilt skirt. White piqué and fine cloth suits have the jacket to be worn with the kilt skirt, slashed behind and cut away in front. Sailor hats, with brims of medium width, are worn with such dresses.





THE RAPE OF PROSERPINA.

After the painting of Paul Schobelt.